

AUGUST 19, 1921

No. 829

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FAME

AND

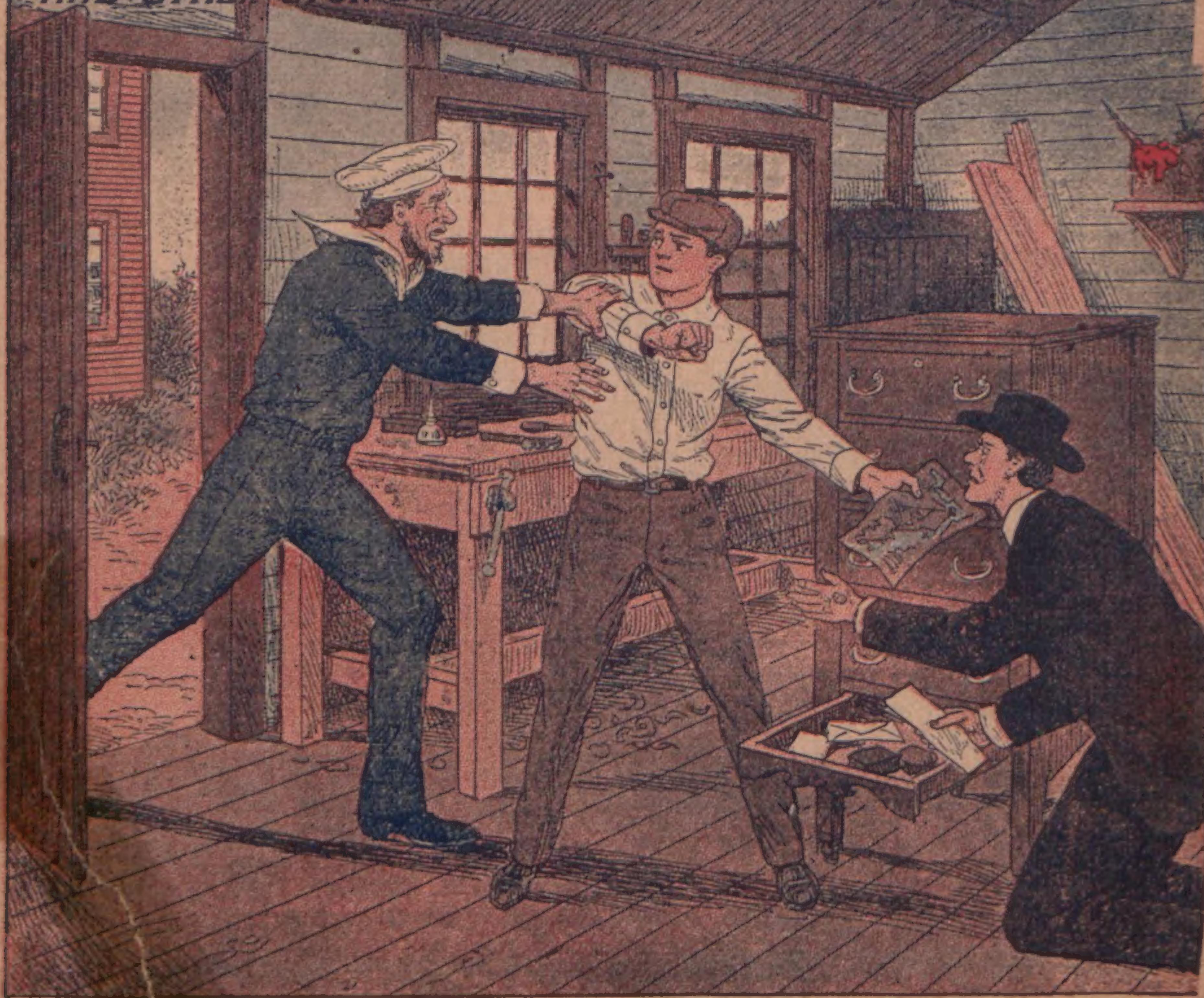
FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

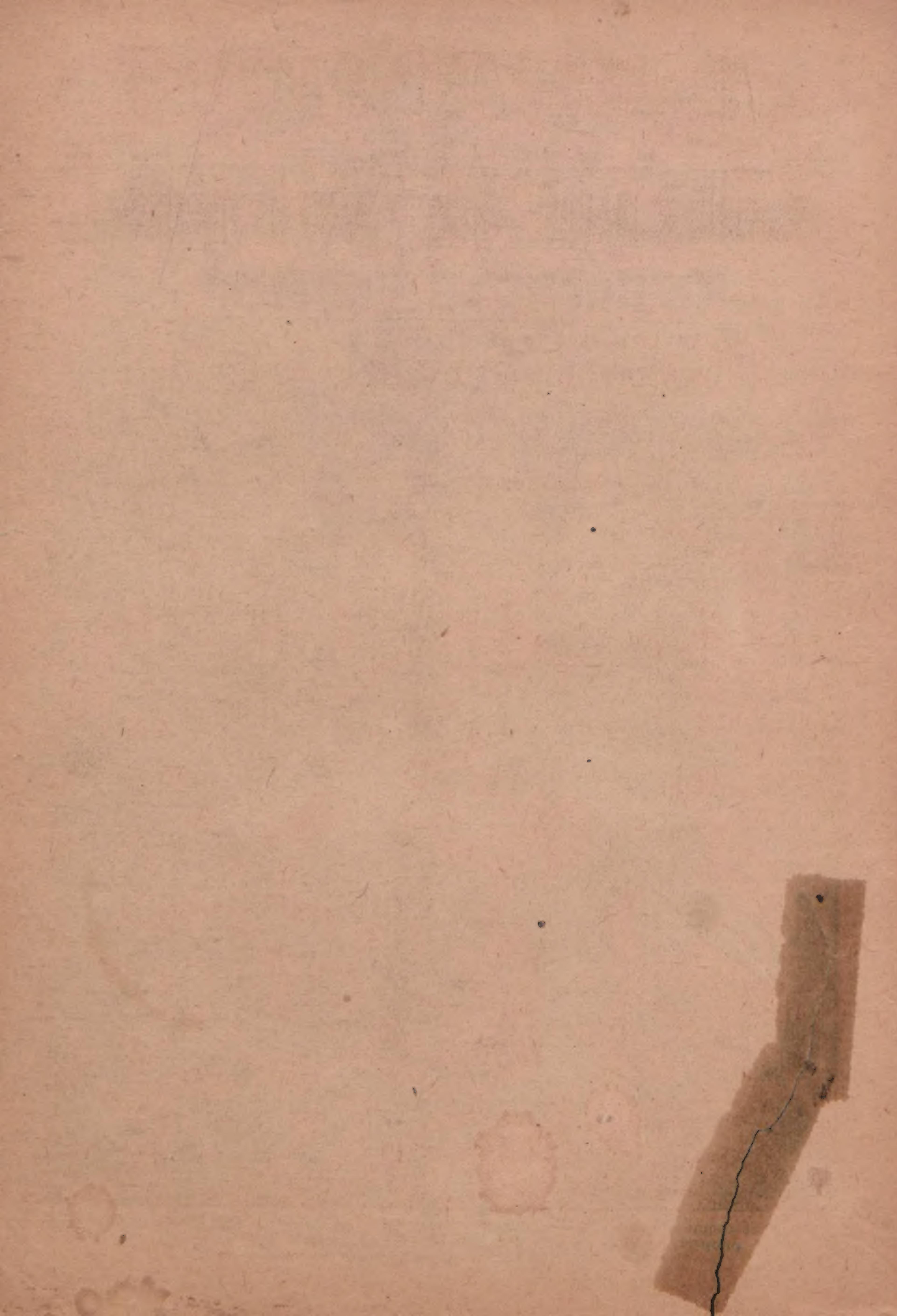
**BOUGHT AT AUCTION
OR THE BID THAT LED TO RICHES**

AND OTHER STORIES

By the Self-Made Man



At that moment a sailor dashed into the room. "Hold on there, my hearty!" he cried, "that's my property." "Your property!" exclaimed Dick, stopping him with his arm. "I guess not. I've just bought this cabinet and contents at auction."



FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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No. 829

NEW YORK, AUGUST 19, 1921.

Price 7 Cents

BOUGHT AT AUCTION

OR, THE BID THAT LED TO RICHES

BY A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—The Secret Drawer and What Was In It.

"Now, gentlemen, how much am I offered for this chest of drawers?" cried the auctioneer. "It is a real antique, and ought to fetch one hundred dollars."

"Rats!" exclaimed a voice. "It's only an old-fashioned piece of furniture."

The auctioneer glared in the direction of the voice, but could not pick out the person in the crowd who had spoken.

"What is an antique but an old-fashioned article? Examine it, gentlemen, and see for yourselves that it is all I represent it to be. Pull out the drawers and you will see they are tongue-and-grooved, and that not a nail was used in the construction of this unique cabinet. They don't make such things nowadays, take my word for that. Come, gentlemen, start the ball rolling. Will somebody start it at fifty dollars? Who says—"

"Ten dollars!" said a bright-looking boy named Dick Dutton, who was an amateur carpenter and cabinet-maker.

"Ten dollars!" exclaimed the auctioneer deprecatingly. "Why, that is a ridiculous offer on such a—"

"Eleven dollars!" said a well-dressed man.

"Eleven dollars! My dear sir, the wood in the cabinet—real Spanish mahogany—is worth more than that. Gentlemen, look the article over and see what it is. I am offered—"

"Twelve dollars," said the boy.

"Young man, you have no idea of the value of that cabinet. If you had you would not bid—"

"Thirteen dollars," said the other bidder.

"And a half," said the boy.

"Only an advance of fifty cents," said the auctioneer. "Will somebody kindly raise the last bid a quarter?" he added sarcastically.

"I will," said the second bidder.

"Thank you, sir. You have lifted a load off my mind."

"Fourteen dollars," said the boy.

"Fourteen and a half," said the other bidder.

"Fifteen," said Dick Dutton promptly. the auctioneer, raising both hands, "this cabinet Did you say sixteen, sir?" to the other bidder.

The man shook his head.

"Make it a half," said the auctioneer.

The second bidder declined to raise the ante.

"Won't anybody say fifteen and a quarter?"

said the auctioneer, looking around the room where the sale was going on.

Nobody appeared to be eager to do so.

"Gentlemen, for the third and last time," said the auctioneer raised both hands, "this cabinet is going for fifteen dollars. Sold! Step up, young man, pay fifteen dollars to my clerk and take your bargain away. We will now proceed to something else—this splendid vase, gentlemen, warranted to be a genuine—"

But the vase has no connection with our story, and so we will follow Dick Dutton to the clerk's desk, where he paid the \$15 and got a receipt. Then he motioned to his friend, Fred French, who had been a silent and interested observer of the proceedings, and between them they carried the chest of empty drawers to the sidewalk, where Dick arranged with an expressman to carry it to his home for fifty cents, the two boys to ride from in the wagon.

The wagon stopped in front of the cottage where Dick lived with his mother, who was a widow, and two sisters, one of whom was employed in a millinery store on the main business street of the big town, the name of which was Stapleton. The cottage stood back from the street line, along which ran a white picket fence, the intervening space being occupied by a pretty little garden, through which a gravel walk ran to the front porch, and then branched off around one side of the house to the yard in the rear, at the back of which stood an outhouse fitted up like a carpenter shop.

This was Dick's workshop, and into it the chest of drawers was conveyed by the two boys and stood up in the middle of the room. Dick then proceeded to examine his purchase more critically. It contained four fair-sized drawers. He pulled each out and shoved it back to see how they worked. There was nothing in any of them. Underneath the bottom drawer was a fancy tail-piece to give effect to the whole. In old-fashioned furniture this tailpiece was often the front of a shallow, secret drawer. The principle was so often adopted by cabinet-makers of former days that it could hardly be regarded as a secret receptacle in those days.

Still in many articles of furniture they were so cunningly contrived that they could be really considered secret drawers. When these secret drawers were operated by a hidden spring they were able to defy detection, as a rule. To a person nowadays the tailpiece would hardly suggest the

presence of a secret drawer. Dick would never have connected it with one in his chest of drawers had he not noticed when he ran his hand under where the tailpiece was that the bottom of the cabinet was lower than he expected it to be.

He tipped the chest of drawers a little to look and then his eyes perceived a round piece of brass, flush with the wood. Surprised at that, he fingered and pressed it. The brass piece yielded to his touch and the tailpiece shot outward, disclosing a shallow drawer in which lay a paper. He took it out and looked at it. It was folded in deep creases, and was yellow with age.

"What's that?" asked Fred.

"I haven't the least idea," answered Dick. "Wait till I examine it."

He unfolded it and found the inside covered with faded writing.

"It seems to be an old letter," he said.

"Belonging to the original owner, I suppose," said Fred.

"It looks ancient enough to have come over with the Pilgrims in the Mayflower. Maybe it's an old love letter. Some precious relic hidden in that secret drawer."

"Look it over and see."

Dick smoothed it out carefully and held it up to the light. At that moment a sailor dashed into the shop.

"Hold on, there, my hearty," he cried, "that's my property!"

"Your property!" exclaimed Dick, stopping him with his arm. "I guess not. I've just bought this cabinet and contents at auction."

CHAPTER II.—Ben the Boatswain.

"I know you bought it, my hearty, and you're welcome to the cabinet, but I want that paper," he said, reaching for it. "That's my property."

"Well, who are you, anyway?" asked Dick.

"I'm Ben the bo's'n."

"Ben what?"

"The bo's'n."

"He means boatswain," said Fred.

"Well, Mr. Ben the Boatswain, you'll have to prove your ownership to this paper before I'll give it up to you," said Dick.

"I can do that, but what's the use of givin' me all that trouble for a bit of paper that's no use to you?"

"It's old and curious, and I'd like to keep it as a curiosity."

"Ain't the cabinet enough for you?"

"I like to hold on to all that belongs to me. I paid a good price for the cabinet, and—"

"What did you pay?"

"Fifteen dollars."

The sailor pulled out a small roll of bills.

"Hand me over the paper and I'll pay you the fifteen dollars," he said.

His offer astonished Dick.

"Just now you said the paper was your property. What do you want to buy it for if you can prove your right to it?" he said.

"As long as you bought it with the cabinet and say it belongs to you, I am willing to do the right thing."

"It must be pretty valuable for you to offer fifteen dollars for it," said Dick, regarding the boatswain's offer with suspicion.

"It's valuable to me, shipmate."

"In what way?"

"It was the last letter writ to me by an old shipmate I loved like a brother," said the sailor, screwing his features into a solemn look.

"What was his name?" said Dick, now fully convinced that the sailor was lying, for the letter looked to be easily fifty years old.

"His name was—Bob Backstay."

"Backstay! That doesn't sound natural."

"It's a purser's name. I never know'd his real one. I reckon he didn't remember it himself."

"When did he write it to you?"

"It might have been ten year's ago. I always kept it by me till I went to sea the last time."

"How came it to get in that cabinet? That chest of drawers didn't belong to you."

"I'll allow it didn't. It belonged to the woman I boarded with when I was hangin' around this town lookin' for a chance to ship. When I signed with a cap'n for a v'age to Rio and back I left the letter with the missus to keep for me. Now she's dead and all her things are sold out. I reckon she put the letter in that chest of drawers so it would be safe against the time I got back. I landed this mornin', rushed to her house, found the missus had slipped her cable, and her things was bein' sold at auction. I asked about the cabinet—"

"How did you know the letter was in the cabinet?"

"She told me she was goin' to put it there."

"Go on. You asked about the cabinet," said Dick.

"The auctioneer told me he had sold it and sent me around to you."

"I don't see how he could do that. He doesn't know me, nor where I live, for I didn't leave my address with him."

"Here's fifteen dollars. Now give me the letter," said the sailor eagerly.

"I'd take your money in a minute if I thought this was your letter, but as it isn't—"

"It's my letter," insisted the sailor.

"How do you know it is?"

"Let me see it and I'll tell you right away," reaching for it again.

"Wait a moment."

Dick looked closely at the first line on the letter. It was a date line and he made out August 6, 1820.

"You say your shipmate wrote that letter to you ten years or so ago?"

"It might have been longer."

Dick dropped the letter in the secret drawer and shut it to.

"That's as far as you'll come to getting it, Mr. Boatswain," he said. "The letter is eighty years old. Your shipmate, Bill Backstay, never wrote it. You'd better go back and see the heirs of the missus and make your inquiries of them."

"So you don't intend to give me that letter?" said the sailor.

"No. What good would it be to you? I tell you, that isn't the letter you're looking for."

"Sell it to me for fifteen dollars and I'll take my chances with it."

Dick now saw that the sailor was after that

particular letter for some reason and that he had hatched up a lie about it being written by an old shipmate to induce him to part with it the more readily.

"Come back in an hour and I'll give you my final answer," he said.

"No. I want that letter now. I'll give you twenty dollars for it," and the sailor took out another bill and placed it with the others.

"Oh, all right. Then I won't sell it for twenty dollars."

"I'll give you twenty-five dollars."

"No, I wouldn't take fifty for it now. I'm going to find out, if I can, what makes it of so much importance that you are willing to pay a big price for it."

"You'll regret this, my hearty," said the sailor darkly.

"I don't think I will," said Dick indifferently.

"If you knew me better, you wouldn't set me ag'in you."

"I don't want to know you better."

Ben the Boatswain glared at him in a savage way, put his money back in his pocket, turned on his heel and left the shop.

CHAPTER III.—The Visitor With One Eye.

"I'm glad he's gone," said Dick. "I don't like his looks."

"Neither do I. Seeing he's threatened you, I advise you to look out for him. He might come back with a gun or a knife," said Fred. "I wonder what he wants that letter so badly for?"

"I'm going to see. Stand by the door, so if he should take a notion to return you can give me warning."

Fred moved over to the door, while Dick opened the secret drawer again and took out the letter.

He carried it over to the bench where he could get a good light from the window, spread it out on a smooth piece of board and started to decipher the dim writing. After much trouble, he made out the following:

"August 16, 1820.

"Dear Old Friend.—When you receive this I will probably be out of my misery. The sawbones called again this afternoon, looked me over, shook his head and said there was no hope. 'You'll die before morning,' he said solemnly, 'about the time the tide is on the ebb. If you haven't settled your worldly affairs, you'd better attend to them right away. I'll stop at the parson's on my way home and tell him you want to see him.' I calculate the doc is right, so I got the housekeeper to prop me up in bed, bring me paper, put a quill in my fingers and hold the ink bottle so that I could write you this letter, which is important. When I was found on the rocks at the bottom of the cliff the fishermen who carried me home said I must have fallen from the top of Storm Stone Rock, and I heard them wondering what I was doing out on such a lonesome spot, haunted only by the seagulls.

"When you called around yesterday to see me and asked me about it, I shook my head. You thought I wasn't able to do much talking, so you didn't press the subject. I was silent, be-

cause I thought I was going to get well, but it appears there's something wrong with my head which can't be mended, and so I've got to pass out of this life, and just at the time when Fortune was dropping into my lap. As I don't know of any one more deserving than yourself to become the heir of my secret, and as you've always been a good friend to me, I'm going to tell what will make you independent for life. There's a box of gold buried in the face of Storm Stone rock. You know the scarred pine near the edge of the cliff. Tie a rope at least twenty feet long to it and the other end around your body. If I had done the last, I wouldn't be where I am this afternoon. I was always a reckless sort of chap, and have had many escapes during my life, but there always comes a time when luck fails you.

"It failed me at a critical moment. Let yourself down over the edge of the cliff and look for a cross cut in the rock. You'll find it fifteen feet or so from the top. Then—"

Here the writing became illegible, owing to one of the creases. Indeed, wherever the creases came Dick had the utmost difficulty in making out what was written, and he had to guess at a part of it. Continuing, he read:

"Bushes. There you will find a hole large enough to crawl into. It will lead you to the box of money. You will have to remove the gold by degrees, which you ought to have no trouble in doing. That is all. Good-by."

The signature was also illegible, but that didn't matter much. Fred stood patiently at the door, watching the approaches to the shop, while Dick was going through the letter, which took him some time. When he had finished it he joined his friend.

"Well, what's the letter about? You were a long time trying to read it," said Fred, with a boy's curiosity.

"You'll never guess, Fred."

"No, I'm not good at guessing the contents of a letter I've never read."

"It's about a box of money hidden in the face of Storm Stone Rock."

"You don't mean it!" cried Fred, astonished. "A box of money. No wonder the sailor wanted to get hold of the paper. Does the letter describe exactly where the money is?"

"It does, but I can't read that part. It is illegible."

"Does the letter give a general idea about where the money is hidden?"

"Somewhere under a scarred pine that stood near the edge of the cliffs, eighty years ago."

"Not much chance of it being there to-day."

"I don't know about that. There is a scarred pine on top of the rock. I've seen it. It's near the edge of the cliff."

"Tell me all the letter said about the hidden money."

Dick complied with his friend's request.

"Say, let's go out to Storm Stone Rock and take a look around."

"All right; we'll go after dinner. It must be close on to meal time now. You can eat with me instead of going home. My mother and sister will be glad to have your company."

"Thanks! I'll accept your invitation. Hello, who's this?"

A rough-looking man, with a patch over one eye and a flavor of the sea in his walk, was coming across the yard toward the shop.

"I don't like his looks," said Dick, eyeing him with disfavor. "I'll bet Mr. Ben the Boatswain sent him to try and work me for the letter."

Dick hastily folded the letter up and put it in his pocket, then he closed the secret drawer of the cabinet. At that moment Mrs. Dutton appeared at the kitchen door, and, after looking at the unsavory stranger, called out to Dick that dinner was ready. Dick shut the door of the shop and secured it with the padlock as the second visitor of the day came up.

"Which of you young gents bought a chest of drawers at auction this mornin'?" asked the one-eyed man.

"I did," replied Dick. "What about it?"

"Did you find anythin' in it?"

"Why do you ask?"

"There was an old letter in it belongin' to me which I'd like to get back, if you don't mind obligin' me."

"Was it a letter written by an old shipmate whom you loved like a brother?" chuckled Dick.

"No; I never had a shipmate write to me that I know of. It wouldn't have done him no good, for I ain't no hand at writin' letters myself. The letter I've mentioned was writ to my grandfather about eighty years ago. I'd like to get it and keep it for the old gent's sake, seein' as it's the only thing left to remember him by."

The stranger pulled out his handkerchief, blew his nose with a trumpet-like sound, and then wiped his one visible eye.

"What was your grandfather's name?" asked Dick, with a wink at Fred.

"His name was Flint—Andrew Flint."

"I found an old letter in the cabinet, dated eighty years ago—"

"That's the identical letter. Sealed by a piece of red wax, wasn't it?"

"It wasn't sealed. It had been opened, but the remains of the wax was attached to it."

"That's what I mean, sonny. If you'll hand over the letter I'll consider it a favor."

"Why, I was offered twenty-five dollars for that letter by a sailor who told me it was written to him by an old shipmate named Bob Backstay."

"A sailor! I'll bet it was that scoundrel, Ben the bo's'n. He wants to do me out of that letter. You didn't sell it to him, did you?"

There was a leer in the stranger's one eye and a curious ring in his voice as he spoke.

"No."

"That's right, sonny. If you want pay for that letter I'm willin' to make it right with you; but, of course I couldn't give nothin' like twenty-five dollars for it. That's a ridiculous price for an old letter what ain't of no use to anybody but myself."

"And Ben the boatswain," said Dick.

"He ain't got no use for it except to keep me out of it."

"What does he want to do that for?"

"That's a long story, sonny, which I ain't got no time to tell. He's a bad one, that Ben the bo's'n is. You don't want to have nothin' to do

with him. 'Cause why? If you didn't rub him the right way he'd just as soon kill you as look at you."

"That's the kind of a chap he is, eh?"

"That's the identical kind of chap he is, perhicerly when he's three sheets in the wind."

"Meaning when he's drunk."

The stranger nodded.

"Goin' to give me the letter, sonny?" he said, fixing the boy with his eye.

"If you'll bring me some proof it's yours, I'll consider your request."

"Ain't I proved it? Didn't I say it was eighty years old?"

"That isn't proof enough. You want to bring some reliable person around who will say the letter is rightfully yours."

"But I told you the letter was writ to my grandfather, Andrew Flint."

"I don't know that the letter was written to Andrew Flint, or if it was that he was your grandfather."

"Ain't my word good for nothin'?"

"It might be to those who know you. I haven't that honor."

"My name is Bill Flint."

"Well, Mr. Flint, you'll have to prove your right to that letter before you can get it. As my dinner is ready, you'll have to excuse me."

"Then I can't have that letter?"

"I don't think you can till you can show your right to it."

"You're mighty partic'lar, sonny."

"It's the way I do business."

"All right, sonny. You'll see me again. Don't let Ben the bo's'n have it. And don't forget he's a bad chap to get into trouble with. Very bad, indeed. If I was so unfort'nate as to get in bad with him, I'd make my will, for I wouldn't expect to live long."

The one-eyed visitor shook his head meaningly, turned around and walked off.

"What do you think of that chap?" said Dick.

"It is a safe bet that Ben the boatswain sent him."

"My idea exactly. Come on in and feed."

The two boys entered the kitchen on their way to the dining room.

CHAPTER IV.—At Storm Stone Rock.

After dinner the boys started for Storm Rock, a landmark in that neighborhood. The rock was fully two miles from the town by the most direct way to the shore, and Dick and Fred took the rough path which led in that direction from the country road on the outskirts of Stapleton. The ground was of a rolling character and was used for pasturing stock by the farmers. The path went straight to a sheltered basin in the cliffs where boys from the town and the farms went to swim in the summer.

Dick and Fred left the path at a certain point and plodded toward the rock. The ground rose as they proceeded, and when they reached the rock they stood on a level with the top of the cliffs, about fifty feet or so above the sea.

"Now comes the real difficulty," said Dick. "It's no cinch to climb to the top of Storm Stone Rock."

"It doesn't look easy, but as you've been up there, and I know two or three other fellows who have been at the summit, too, I guess we'll get there all right," replied Fred.

"Sure we will. It isn't as hard as it looks, but it's hard enough. Follow me and I'll show you how to do the stunt."

Dick had been on top of the rock three times and each time he had taken a different route. He had thus found that it was easier to climb at a certain point than from any other. What he called the easy route was broken by a fifty-foot chasm, but this was bridged by a fallen tree, one end of which was wedged in a crevice of the rocks and held it firmly in place. It took a good nerve to walk over that chasm, but both boys did it. Five minutes later they stood on top of the rock.

"There's quite a breeze here. I didn't notice much below."

"Yes; this is a good spot to cool off on in summer."

"Is that the scarred pine?" asked Fred, pointing at a relic of other days which had been struck by lightning, and was bleached almost white by the storms of many winters.

"That's it."

"It looks pretty old. Do you think that is the same tree mentioned in the letter?"

"It strikes me it is."

"Eighty years is a long time for a wreck like that to stand."

"It probably stood there twenty or more years before that. If it's the same tree, you can depend on it that it's been here more than a hundred years."

"It's the only tree on the rock."

"That's because the crevice it shoots out of is the only spot where there is earth enough to sustain a tree."

Dick lay down at full length on the ground and stuck his head over the edge of the rock. He could see straight down to the water. The tide was out and the black rocks below showed their wicked heads. A magnificent panorama of sea and shore could be obtained from the summit of Storm Stone Rock, but not many people availed themselves of the privilege. Fred followed his companion's example. His nerves experienced an unpleasant thrill when he looked down and thought what would happen to a person who fell off that height.

"I don't see how the man who wrote that letter ever survived his fall for a moment," he said.

"Neither do I," admitted Dick. "His fall must have been broken by something not in existence now."

"Bushes, perhaps?" suggested Fred.

"Perhaps."

"Say, have you the nerve to let yourself down here on the chance of finding that box of gold? I wouldn't do it for a whole mine of gold," said Fred.

"If I could depend on the rope I would," said Dick.

"What you would need is a rope ladder, so you could climb back easily."

"If the box of money ever was there, I guess it's there yet, for the man he wrote to would hardly take the risk of going down here after it. It would require several trips to fetch all the

money away, and every trip would be a kind of nightmare, I should imagine."

"A whole nest of nightmares to a chap like you," laughed Dick.

The boys remained on the summit of the rock for nearly an hour and then started to go down the way they came. Suddenly they heard voices of two men coming toward them, but as yet out of sight. They had heard those voices before, and recognized the speakers as Ben the boatswain and the one-eyed man who said his name was Bill Flint. The boys stopped and looked at each other. The same thought had occurred to both—that it might not be healthy for them, Dick particularly, to encounter those two men in that rugged and lonesome spot.

"Ben the boatswain and that other chap are coming this way," said Fred.

"I hear them talking. Their voices identify them," responded Dick.

"What are we going to do? You've got that letter in your pocket."

"We'll sneak into those bushes and keep quiet."

Half a minute later the boys were invisible. They hadn't executed the movement a moment too soon, for around a jutting part of the rock came the sailor and his one-eyed companion.

CHAPTER V.—How the Sailor and His Pal Were Trapped.

"Do you s'pose you can get a line on that box of gold without the letter?" said Bill Flint, if that was really his name.

"I dunno, shipmate. Nothin' like tryin' for a thing when you want it, and you can't get it no other way," replied the sailor.

"If you hadn't acted so blamed anxious to get hold of that letter in the first place, and hadn't offered so much money for it, the boy would have let you had it. You went the wrong way about it, and that gave the young feller the idea it was uncommonly valuable. That's why he wouldn't sell it to you," said Flint, pausing to light his pipe. "Now he's read it and knows all about the box of gold, and perticerly how to reach it, so you can expect to be up ag'in him."

"If I catch him up here I'll make him give up the letter or throw him off the rock," said the sailor, in an ugly tone.

"He seems to be a plucky chap. I'm thinkin' he's likely to give us trouble."

"Don't you worry about him givin' us trouble. Let me get my hands on him out here and I'll fix him. We will break into his shop to-night and see what we can get hold of."

"Very well, we'll do that," replied the other.

The boys heard no more, for the two men passed out of earshot. They waited in the bushes till the voices died away in the distance and then continued on their way down the rock.

"Those chaps are going to pay you a visit to-night," said Fred.

"If they do, I'll see they meet with a surprise," replied Dick.

The boy's parted at Dick's home and the young amateur carpenter spent the time till supper in his shop. After the evening meal he went to the station house and told the officer in charge

there that a sailor named Ben the boatswain and his pal, named Bill Flint, were going to break into his carpenter shop that night to try and steal something they had taken a great fancy to.

"I want you to send a couple of policemen around to my house about eleven o'clock, for they're not likely to come before that hour, to lie in wait for them," said Dick.

The officer promised to do so, and the boy went home. He said nothing to his mother or sisters about what was on the tapis, as he did not wish to frighten them. At a quarter to eleven he put a revolver in his pocket and went outside to watch for the policemen. They appeared on time and he took them into his shop, where he had arranged a screen for them to hide behind. In the meanwhile they stood at the bench, where they commanded a view of the yard through the window. An hour passed and nothing happened.

"They may not come till one or two o'clock," said one of the policemen. "That's the most likely time a burglar would choose."

"They're not regular burglars. One is a tough sailor and the other was probably a sailor, too, before his eye got bunged up. He wears a black patch over it now," said Dick.

Time passed, and one o'clock came around. Then they saw two dark figures slouching toward the shop.

"Here they come," said Dick. "We'll get behind the screen."

In a few minutes they heard a noise at the door. The intruders were at work on the padlock. They yanked the staple out with some implement they had brought along for that purpose, opened the door, and entered. The sailor flashed a match and, going to the cabinet, soon had the secret drawer open.

"It's not here," he said.

"He's taken it into the house with him," said Flint.

"Then we'll have to go in the house; but let's look around first. He might have hidden it in some place here."

At that moment one of the policemen flashed a bull's eye lantern on them and called on them to throw up their hands. The two rascals were taken by surprise and the officers nabbed them without a struggle.

"So, Mr. Ben the boatswain, you seem to have taken up with a new business," said Dick, showing himself. "I'm afraid you and your friend Flint will spend the rest of the night in a cell and probably many more nights on top of it."

The sailor swore like a trooper, but his companion never said a word. They were led away by the officers, after being handcuffed together. Dick then temporarily fastened the door of his shop, entered the cottage by way of the kitchen and went to bed. He was much pleased over the capture, for he regarded both men as dangerous to his interests while they were at large. The morning paper was left at the cottage by a carrier every day, and when Dick came down next morning he looked through it to see if the capture of the two men had been recorded in print.

He found it had, but, to his surprise and disgust, he read that the two rascals had given the policemen the slip on the way to the station house. The officers reported that they had got the fellows almost to the station house when two

men suddenly jumped out upon them from an alley and knocked them down with billets of wood. They were badly stunned, and when they recovered their feet both the prisoners and the men who had interfered in their behalf had disappeared. At breakfast Dick told his mother and sisters what happened the night before, and they were much astonished to hear about it.

"You never said a word to us last evening about expecting a visit from those men," said his sister Daisy. "How did you know they were coming to break into your shop?"

"Fred and I were over at Storm Stone Rock yesterday afternoon, and those fellows came over there, too. We heard them talking about the project."

"Why should they want to enter your shop? To steal some of your tools?"

"No. The sailor chap is interested in a letter I found in the cabinet I bought at auction yesterday, and he thought I'd leave it in the cabinet which is in my shop."

"Why should he want the letter?"

"Because it contains some information he is anxious to get hold of."

"He's the sailor who called here yesterday shortly after you brought the chest of drawers home?"

"Yes."

"How did the sailor know the letter was in the cabinet?"

"I couldn't tell you. He learned it some way. It was the only thing in the cabinet, and I found it lying in a secret drawer at the bottom. Come to the shop after-breakfast and I'll show you my purchase."

"I won't have time. I must hurry to the store or I'll be late."

"I told her all about the cabinet," said Effie Dutton, Dick's youngest sister, who stayed at home to help keep house. "She isn't half as curious to examine old furniture as she is to look at some new creation in the millinery line."

"It was smart of you to bring the policemen and hide them in the shop," said Daisy. "You caught them, I suppose?"

"Yes, we caught them all right, but I'm sorry to say they afterwards escaped from the two officers, though they were handcuffed together."

"How could they do it?" asked his sister in surprise.

"Read the story and that will tell you," said Dick, handing her the paper.

"They must be bad men to have such companions at their back."

"They are pretty tough."

"You read the letter that was the cause of all this trouble, I suppose?"

"I did."

"What was in it that could have interested that sailor so much?"

"I'll tell you some time. I'd rather not do it now."

"Why not?" said Daisy, her curiosity aroused. "It's a secret."

"I won't say anything about it."

"If I told you I'd have to tell mother and Effie, too. Between the three of you it might accidentally leak out."

"I think you're real mean. I'm just dying to

know what is in the letter that you make such a great mystery of."

"I know. Girls always want to learn all secrets that are flying about. Well, you'll have to curb your impatience. I'm not giving it away."

"I'll bet you told Fred."

"Oh, he's a boy and my chum. I made him promise not to let it out."

"I'm your sister, and ought to be more important than your chum."

"You are, but I don't have to tell you my secrets. You wouldn't tell me any of your secrets."

"Why wouldn't I?"

"Has Jack Harding asked you to marry him?"

"Why, what a question!" cried Daisy, with a rosy blush.

"You might have told mother, but you haven't said anything to me about it. He calls on you pretty steady, and takes you out everywhere. He seems to mean business. If he has asked you, that's a secret you are keeping to yourself."

"I'd have an engagement ring, wouldn't I, if I were going to marry him?"

"It doesn't follow you'd get one right away. Jack is a mighty nice fellow, but he hasn't got a whole lot of money. I heard him say that the proper kind of an engagement ring, in his opinion, was a diamond, so I guess he's saving up to buy one."

"Dear me, I must hurry off to the store," said Daisy, getting up hastily.

Dick chuckled and, finishing his coffee, went to his shop.

CHAPTER VI.—Dick Encounters the Unexpected.

Fred appeared in a little while.

"I saw by the paper that you caught the sailor and his pal, but they afterward got away from the officers," he said.

"Yes. It was too bad," replied Dick.

"They must have wondered how you learned they were coming here, and made preparations to catch them."

"They'll never find out."

"I suppose the police are looking for them about town?"

"Very likely, and for the two who helped them to escape."

"The sailor and his pal will have to get away from the neighborhood now if they hope to keep out of jail."

"I don't believe they'll go far."

"Then they'll surely get nabbed."

"I fancy they'll hide out around the rock. I'm going to suggest to the police that a couple of officers be sent out there to watch for them—that is, in case they're not found in town."

"They might hang around the rock for a while, if they carried a supply of eatables with them."

"For that reason I'll have to postpone any plan looking to the recovery of that box of money."

"Then you feel confident the money is there?"

"I do. I'll tell you why. Night before last I dreamed of the number fifteen."

"Well?"

"The dream indicated, in some way that I can't recall now, that number fifteen would bring me great luck—make me rich, in fact."

"What has number fifteen got to do with the cabinet?"

"It's got quite a bit to do with it. Fifteen dollars was the bid at which the chest of drawers was knocked down to me. My competitor's last bid was fourteen and a half. The auctioneer tried to get him to raise my fifteen bid even a quarter, but he wouldn't. It wasn't so much the quarter that the auctioneer wanted, but he felt sure I would bid higher."

"It's lucky for you, then, that he didn't have a capper on the ground, or you'd have had to pay higher for your bargain."

"I wouldn't have gone over twenty."

"Did you think of your dream when you bid fifteen?"

"No. It's only since I read the letter that I've thought of it."

"Then if you should get possession of that box of gold you'd believe that your bid of fifteen led you to riches?"

"Wouldn't it look that way?"

"Yes, it would. Some dreams do come true, but not always the way they indicate. Once I dreamed I found a lot of goldpieces—ever so many of them."

"And the next day you found some bright pennies in the street, eh?"

"No; I lost a five-dollar goldpiece I had been keeping for a particular purpose."

"That was tough on you," laughed Dick.

"Yes, for five-dollar goldpieces are scarce with me."

While they were talking, Dick was busy at work on an oblong box he was making for a neighbor, who wanted to use it as a clothes chest. He was attaching the cover to it by means of a pair of brass hinges, which, when finished, would not show at all on the outside.

"That's a nice box you are finishing," said Fred. "Who are you making it for?"

"For the Widow White, around the corner."

"How much are you going to charge for it?"

"Five dollars."

"That's cheap. You've put brass handles at each end, and a brass lock."

"I've got other work to do for her. She wants a summer house in her yard, and I'm going to build it," said Dick.

At that moment a man with an unpleasant face walked into the shop.

"You do carpenter work, don't you?" he said to Dick.

"Sometimes. Who sent you to me?"

"A man told me you were a good carpenter."

"What work do you want done?"

"I want some shelves put up. I'll furnish the wood for them."

"I can do that all right."

"What will you charge me?"

"Twenty-five cents an hour, counting from the time I leave the shop."

"When can you do it?"

"I can do it as soon as I finish this box."

"How long will that be?"

"In fifteen minutes."

"I'll wait for you."

"Where is your place of business?"

"Down on Essex street."

Essex street was on the water front, and a part of it was known as a tough locality. Longshore-

men and rough characters generally lived there in boarding houses and three-story wooden tenements. Dick said no more, but kept on with his work. He finished the box in about fifteen minutes.

"Will you wait till I take this around the corner?" Dick said to the man.

"Yes."

Dick shouldered the box and went out with it. As soon as he was gone the man stepped up to the cabinet Dick bought at auction and looked it over with apparent curiosity.

"Kind of old-fashioned," he said to Fred.

"Yes. It's away out of date."

The stranger walked around the shop, looking sharply into every nook and corner, and he was thus engaged when Dick returned. The boy got his small mahogany toolbox that he carried around with him and which had a brass handle in the top.

"I'm ready to go with you," he said to the man.

"Come on, then," said Baxter.

"I'll see you after supper, Fred," said Dick, as the three walked outside.

He locked up, having fixed the hasp and staple that morning that the sailor wrenched off the night before, stopped at the kitchen door to tell his mother he was going off to do a job of work, then followed the man. Fred went a couple of blocks with them, and then went to see another friend of his. Baxter piloted Dick to the water front, and down toward the worst part of that street, which faced on the wharves. Finally they came to a dirty alley.

"This way," said Baxter.

Dick didn't like the looks of the alley, but he had gone too far to back out.

"I thought your store was on Essex street?" he said.

"So it is. The work isn't to be done there. I'm going to open a restaurant on South street and I want the shelves put up in the kitchen. This alley is a short cut to the back of my store."

Dick said nothing more, but followed the man. The alley led into another one, and, following it, they came to a door. Baxter knocked three times on it. Presently the door opened.

"Go right in," said the man.

Dick entered a dark and dirty room with a stove in it. Baxter shut the door and shot two bolts.

"Here he is, Ben," he said.

From an inner room stepped, to Dick's surprise, Ben the boatswain. Like a flash, the boy realized that he had been led into a trap.

CHAPTER VII.—In the Cellar and Out.

"Well, my hearty, we meet again," grinned the scally sailor.

"I see we do," replied Dick pluckily. "I came here expecting to do a job of carpenter work, instead of which I see that was only a bluff to get me here."

"Just so," answered the sailor. "Seein' as it wouldn't be healthy for me to visit you at your shop, I got my friend here to entice you to my hidin' place."

"Now that you've got me here, what do you want with me?"

"That's the way to talk, sonny. Always come to the p'int. If you've got that letter about your clothes, produce it," said Ben the boatswain.

"I haven't got it about my clothes."

"As I'd like to make sure on that p'int, I'll take the liberty of searchin' you."

It was no use to resist, so the boy submitted to the ordeal. As he didn't have the letter with him, the sailor didn't find it.

"I see you told the truth. Whereabouts is it?"

"Home."

"In your shop?"

"Perhaps it is, and perhaps it isn't."

"This is the key of your shop, ain't it?" said the boatswain, holding up the padlock key he had taken from the boy's pocket.

"Yes," admitted Dick.

"Very good. Now, s'pose you write a note to your old woman, tellin' her where to find the letter, and directin' her to hand it over to the bearer?"

"I won't write such a letter."

"Oh, you won't?"

"No."

"I'd be sorry to make things unpleasant for you, sonny, but I must have that letter, and when I want anythin' I generally get it. You've read it, I s'pose?"

"Yes."

"And you know it refers to a box of gold?"

"I do."

"Hidden in Storm Stone Rock?"

"So it says."

"It gives the directions how to find the box of gold?"

"Yes, but if you can read them, you've got better eyes than I have."

"What d'ye mean by that?"

"Because the writing is too indistinct where the directions are mentioned."

"And you couldn't read them?"

"No."

The sailor looked disappointed.

"Then the letter ain't of no use?"

"Not for what you want it for."

"Then what's your objections to sendin' for it so I can see with my own eyes?"

"Because the letter being mine, I don't choose to let you see it."

"Seein' as you're in my power, sonny, you'll have to knuckle down and do as I tell you."

"I don't know that I will."

"If you don't know it, I'll have to learn you. What you say about the letter may be true enough, but I'd rather see the letter than take your word for it."

"If instead of breaking into my shop last night and getting yourself in trouble you had called this morning and made your request to see the letter, I'd have read it to you and shown you where the directions you are after are blotted out. Then you'd be convinced that your chances of finding that box of gold, if it's hidden in the rock, are not very good."

"Sonny, you talk like a sea-lawyer. Havin' made up my mind to see that letter, you'll have to send for it."

"Having made up my mind to hold on to that letter, I won't send for it."

"Get a rope, shipmate, and we'll tie this young sculpin. Birds that can sing and won't must be made to."

The chap who had enticed Dick to the room got a piece of rope and the boy's arms were tied behind his back.

"Now, then, open the trap."

Baxter knelt on the floor and with the point of his caseknife pried up a hinged door in the floor and threw it open. Ben the boatswain dragged Dick to the hole.

"Lock down there. That's where you'll have to stay till you agree to send for the letter. If you want to give in now before I shove you down you can do it, and my shipmate will fetch pen, ink and paper. What d'ye say?"

"I won't send for the letter."

"Then down you go!" and he dropped the boy into a filthy cellar that was dank with moisture. Dick didn't fall far, as the cellar was a shallow one, and he alighted on his feet as the flap above banged down over his head. All was dark as pitch in the place, and the smell of decaying wood and dirty water was something he had never been up against before.

"This place is simply rank," he muttered, "but I guess I can manage to stand it. At any rate, I'll have to, unless I capitulate, which I don't feel like doing at this moment."

He moved around a bit and felt a number of bottles, several of which were broken. The broken bottles gave him an idea. He sat down on the wet and punky floor, felt for one of them with his bound hands, and handled it cautiously, for he found that the glass had a razor edge. He got up with it in his fingers and moved about till he encountered a post. Placing the broken bottle at the foot of the post, he brought its edge to bear on the rope that secured his wrists.

Working with great caution, to avoid wounding himself, he cut through the strands of the rope and thus freed himself. Springing up, he struck a match and looked around the place. The water, which evidently came in when the tide was high, lay at one end in stagnant pools. All kinds of debris was scattered about, though there seemed to be more bottles than anything else. The beams rested partly on the stone wall and partly on posts that were in a state of decay, which threatened to greatly weaken the building at no distant day.

Dick carried his inspection all over to try and find some avenue of exit, but saw none. Then he pulled an old keg under the trapdoor, got on it and listened for sounds above. He heard nothing through the floor. He pushed against the trap and it lifted, showing it was not secured on the upper side. The only way it could be held down was by putting a weight on it, and this precaution the sailor had not considered necessary, for he did not see any chance for the boy, with his hands tied behind him, getting out of the place. He was right on the lines he figured, but he did not count on the boy releasing himself—a feat that he probably regarded as impossible.

Dick raised the trap an inch and listened again. He heard nothing to show him that the room was occupied, and raised the trap still higher. Then he heard the shuffle of a boot on the floor. He let the trap down again.

"There is somebody in the room, after all," he thought.

Finding he had attracted no attention, he lifted the trap again, a little at a time, until it was up six inches. He could see about three-quarters of the floor of the room. On one side stood a rough deal table, and under it was a pair of legs, the feet extended to within an inch or so of the trap. Dick wondered if the human extremities belonged to Ben the boatswain, or to the rascal who had enticed him to that den. The feet drew back with a scrape. Just then he heard another pair of feet coming into the room. He dropped the trap to the merest crack and listened.

"Have you got that letter written yet, my hearty?" said the voice of the sailor, who was evidently the person who had entered.

"Yes," said the voice of Baxter. "I'm writin' the chap's name to it now. It's Dick, ain't it?"

"Yes—Dick Dutton. That's the name the auctioneer gave me."

"Down it goes—Dick Dutton."

"Let's look at it," said the boatswain.

"I can't tell whether it looks like his writin' or not," said Baxter. "Maybe his old woman won't give up the letter, or she mightn't know where it is."

"We've got to take the risk of that. I'm goin' to send it by Barney. He's an inneerent-lookin' kid."

"He's just the chap to turn the trick. He's as foxy as they come."

"I'll go and find him."

"Better let me go. He's probably in Dolan's saloon. You can't tell but a detective might be there lookin' for you and Bill, in which case you'd likely be nabbed. You don't want to take any chances."

"All right, my hearty. If I ain't here when you get back you'll find me upstairs with Bill."

"If Barney gets the letter you'll let the young chap go?"

"And have him send the police here after me? Where's your brains, shipmate?"

"But you ain't goin' to stay here longer than it gets dark. It ain't safe for you."

"Time enough to let him go after Bill and me have got out of the way. He can stand it down there a few hours."

"Is the letter all right?"

"It'll do, I reckon."

"Then I'll go after Barney."

Baxter left the room. Dick dropped the trap, for the sailor began walking around the room. Thinking he might raise the trap and look down, Dick got off the keg, put it back a little way, and sat on it. What he imagined might happen did take place. The trap was suddenly raised and the sailor craned his head down.

"Hello, my hearty!" he bawled.

"What do you want?" replied the boy.

"How do you like it down there?"

"I don't like it," said Dick, quite truthfully.

"If you'll write that letter to your old woman I'll let you out."

"I won't write it."

"Then stay down there!" said the sailor, slamming down the trap.

Presently his steps above ceased, and Dick put the keg under the trap again and remonstrated with him.

Opening the trap a little, he listened. Feeling satisfied that the room was untenanted, he pushed the trap up higher and looked all around the room. He could see there was nobody around. Letting the trapdoor softly back, he scrambled out of the cellar and shut the trapdoor.

In a corner was shoved his tool box. He grabbed it, opened the door into the inner alley and stepped outside. After a quick look around, he started for the main alley, which led the way to the street. As he turned into the other alley he came face to face with Baxter and Barney.

CHAPTER VIII.—A Second Night Visit.

Baxter was taken entirely by surprise, which gave Dick, who was keyed up for possible trouble while he was still in that locality, the chance to dash past him and make for the street on the run. He was halfway down the alley before Baxter recovered himself and started after him, shouting, "Stop him! Stop him!" and followed by the lad Barney, who, being quicker to his feet, rapidly gained on Dick.

Barney grabbed the fugitive just as he reached the street. Dick turned and gave him a blow in the jaw that sent him reeling back. Then he dashed out of the alley to find himself confronted by several tough men. The boy dodged their extended hands, but was greatly handicapped by his tool box, which he clung to, for he didn't want to lose it. He rushed across to one of the wharves with the rascals in pursuit.

A schooner was just leaving the wharf. Dick flung the tool box on her deck and cleared the intervening space with a bound. The receding vessel saved him from capture, and his baffled pursuers stood on the wharf and shook their fists at him in angry impotence. The mate and three sailors on board the schooner were somewhat taken aback by Dick's flying leap which landed him amongst them.

"What's the trouble, sonny?" asked the nearest sailor.

"I came aboard to get rid of those rascals," replied the boy.

Here the mate came up.

"Why were you running away from those men?"

"Because I didn't want them to catch me."

"That was clear enough. What did you do to them?"

"Nothing. They chipped in to help those I was escaping from."

"Who were they?"

"A rascal named Baxter who decoyed me to a den up two alleys yonder, alleging he wanted some shelves put up. I'm a sort of carpenter, you see."

The tool box was some evidence of that, though it was rather a handsome one for a carpenter to carry. A surgeon would not have been ashamed to carry his instruments in it.

"I see. You just managed to get out of the rascals' clutches. I suppose you want to be put ashore. I guess the captain will not object to that when he learns the cause that brought you

aboard. He's in the cabin. I will go down and tell him about you."

The captain came on deck and asked Dick about the trouble he had got in. The boy did not care to say anything about the true reason why he was enticed to the den, so he merely repeated what he had told the mate, that a man had called at his shop and asked him to do some work at his store on Essex street. He accompanied the man, and was taken up two alleys and finally landed in a room where he found a chap named Ben the boatswain who, with a pal, broke into his shop the night before and was captured by the police, from whom he and his mate had escaped on the way to the station house.

From Dick's statement the skipper judged it was a case of revenge on the part of the sailor. He congratulated the boy on getting away before he could be done up, said he had gone into the worst part of Stapleton, and promised to put him ashore. The skipper had a boat lowered and ordered a sailor to take Dick to the beach at the eastern end of the town, which was the side on which he lived. The boy got home in time for dinner.

"How much did you make this morning, Dicky dear?" asked his sister Effie at the dinner table.

"I'm sorry to say that I didn't make a cent."

"I thought you went with a man to put up some shelves for him?"

"So I did. He had no shelves to put up. He was a rascal, whose object was to entice me into the worst part of the town so that the sailor I had arrested last night and who escaped, you know, could get hold of me."

His mother and sister gasped. Dick then related the whole of his experience in the den, and described how he succeeded in making his escape by the skin of his teeth.

"You're going to notify the police, aren't you?" said his sister.

"Yes, but I don't know that it will do any good. That sailor and his pal, as well as the man Baxter, will take care to make themselves scarce."

After dinner Dick went to the station house and related what had happened to him, suppressing, however, all reference to the letter. Several officers were at once sent to search the Essex street den and other buildings in that neighborhood. Dick went home and spent the afternoon planning the slats he intended to use in the construction of the summer house for the Widow White. After supper he went around to call on Fred.

"I've got you the contract to build us a summer house like the one you are going to put up for the Widow White," said his friend.

"Thanks. I accept it with pleasure. Come upstairs and I'll tell you what happened to me down on Essex street."

Fred took him to his room, and there Dick told him all about his adventure in the den.

"Great Scott! You were up against it for fair," said Fred. "That sailor seems determined to get a line on that box of gold."

"If the police were equally determined to get hold of him, he wouldn't come within two miles of the spot where the gold is supposed to be hidden."

"As long as he is free, it's too dangerous for

you to go near Storm Stone Rock lest you meet him there."

"I shall wait a while, at any rate. The gold won't run away in the meanwhile, for there is little chance of the sailor getting it, supposing it's there."

Dick spent an hour with Fred and then returned home. He wanted to go to bed early, as he lost several hours of sleep the night before on account of Ben the boatswain and his pal. He turned in at half-past nine, and at half-past ten the cottage was dark and silent. About three o'clock three men and a boy came up the street and sneaked into the yard. We may as well say that they were the sailor, Bill Flint, Baxter and Barney.

It showed no lack of nerve in the first two returning to the scene of their arrest the night before, knowing that every policeman in the town had their description, with orders to run them in on sight. Ben the boatswain and his companions, however, believed they were a match for any two officers they might happen to run against for the three men were now provided with weapons.

Nevertheless they were not looking for trouble with the police, and so were cautious in their movements. They were also cautious in entering the yard of the Dutton home, lest another unpleasant surprise be awaiting them. They separated and examined every part of the grounds, and then came together again, satisfied there were no police around. The kitchen door was always locked and doubly bolted at night, and the front door was likewise well secured. The windows were also locked with the usual clamps and, furthermore, were held by a patent clip. Dick, whose room was at the back, over the kitchen, liked fresh air and, winter and summer alike, he kept the upper sash down at varying distances, but on account of a special contrivance of his own, the window could not be opened further until the catch was released.

The amateur carpenter forgot that an intruder, by standing on the sill outside, could insert his arm through the opening and slip the catch if he knew where it was or discovered it by fumbling about to see what held the window. As there was no way of climbing to his window without a ladder, he did not expect any one would get up there. Ben the boatswain had his eyes on Dick's open window, and not knowing that it could not be pushed farther down, decided that was the way to enter the house with the least expenditure of exertion.

Not expecting to find a ladder available, he had brought Barney, the boy, with them, his purpose being to boost the light and active lad up to one of the second-story windows. The sailor, being the tallest and strongest of the party, took his stand under the window and the other men assisted Barney to his shoulders. The boatswain then seized the boy by the calves of his legs and raised him up high enough to grasp the window sill. Barney then scrambled up as lightly as a cat. His first effort was to raise the lower sash, but found it wouldn't budge. Then he tried to shove the partly open upper sash down, and was unable to do it. He inserted his arm and felt for what held it.

He was not successful at first, and while he

fumbled about the men below watched him with some impatience. Finally he discovered the catch, released it, and pushed the window down. Looking in, he saw a bedroom and somebody asleep in the bed. He swung one leg over the sashes, then the other, and dropped lightly into the room. His mission was to find his way downstairs and open the kitchen door so the men could enter the house. This he would have done but for the fact that Dick had attached a thin wire from one of his chairs to the other, six feet apart, while experimenting with an idea he had in mind for making the descent of Storm Stone Rock, and had forgotten to remove it.

The wire not being visible to Barney when he glided toward the door, he struck it with his body and, as a consequence, upset both chairs. The noise awoke Dick. As he sat up in bed he saw an object in motion in his room. He grabbed his revolver, cocked it, and called out:

"Who's there?"

Barney dropped beside one of the chairs. Dick saw his action, sprang out of bed, and flashed a match. The light revealed the kid's crouching figure. Barney, finding he was caught, jumped up and rushed for the door, but before he could open it Dick had him by the collar.

CHAPTER IX.—After the Box of Gold.

"What are you doing in my room?" demanded Dick, seeing he had only a boy to deal with.

"Nothin'," answered Barney sulkily.

"You're pretty young for a crook," said Dick, "but your presence here shows that you're on no honest errand. It is clear you came to steal, so I'll have to keep you here till morning and then hand you over to the police."

The word "police" was a bugbear to Barney, and he began to struggle to get away. He was no match for the muscular Dick. That lad tripped him up, rolled him on his face and tied his wrists together with a towel. While he was thus employed, Barney uttered a warning cry to the men outside. They heard him and understood that he was in trouble. The sailor was hopping mad over the situation. He had counted on Barney being a valuable helper, and at the very start the kid had spoiled everything somehow. He swore under his breath, and so did the other two men.

"The fat's in the fire," said Bill Flint. "We'll have to mosey."

"We oughtn't to leave the kid in the lurch," said Baxter.

Barney's cry had told Dick that the lad was not alone, so as soon as he had his arms secured he rushed to the window and looked out. He saw three men below. So many rather startled him. He was certain that the sailor was one of them, and that the others were his pals. Their errand was to reach him, of course. Without a moment's hesitation he fired down at them, more to scare them away and attract attention than to hit them.

The shot had the effect of scattering them, and they disappeared in a hurry. Dick then fixed his window again and returned to find Barney on his feet and trying to get the door open with

his bound hands. Dick marched the lad downstairs to the kitchen and bound him fast to the chair with a piece of clothes line. Satisfied that the youth could not free himself, he returned to his room. He remained at the window watching for some time, and seeing nothing further of the men, he returned to bed. He was not disturbed again that night.

Next morning he found Barney looking miserable and sullen. When his mother came down he showed her the little rascal and explained how he had caught him. He said nothing about the men, for the shot had not awakened his mother or sisters. He immediately marched the boy to the station house and turned him over to the police, with his report of the affair. The police put Barney through a sort of third degree, but he wouldn't tell who had been with him. He was locked up and was later on brought before the magistrate.

Dick appeared against him, and the magistrate, instead of holding him for trial, sent him to the workhouse for a year. The police made another effort to catch the sailor and his pals, but failed to find them. A week passed away and Dick was not bothered further by the sailor and his friends. During that time he built the summer house for the Widow White and painted it. He also bought the material for his friend's summer house. The idea he had thought of for descending the face of Storm Stone Rock had not panned out, and he gave it up. The only feasible plan was to use a knotted rope, attached to the scarred pine.

He bought a rope fifty feet long and put twenty knots in it, about a foot apart. It was guaranteed to stand a strain far greater than he would put upon it. He secured a second rope as an additional element of safety. The slack end of the knotted rope was to be secured around his waist, while the second rope was to be tied under his arms and after being looped around the tree was to be eased out by Fred as he went down, and to assist his return ascent, as well as to steady him while he was looking for the hole.

On Sunday morning the boys started for Storm Stone Rock with the two ropes. Each also carried a revolver, though they did not expect to use them. It was a bright, sunshiny morning, and the tide was in. There was little wind and the surface of the sea, which was calm and peaceful, reflected the rays of the sun. They met no one on their way to the rock, and in due time arrived at the top. The knotted rope was made fast to the scarred pine and tested by both boys together.

"It gives me the shivers to think of you going down there," said Fred, as his chum was tying the other end of the rope about his waist.

"Pooh! I can't fall with these precautions. Both ropes would have to break to let me down," said Dick.

The second rope was put twice around the tree and tied under Dick's arms with a knot that would not slip.

"Now, then, old man," said Dick, "here's a thin cord which I'll tie to your wrist."

"What for?"

"To signal you with, for you'll be out of my sight. One pull means hold on to the supporting rope; two pulls mean lower away, while three

pulls will be the signal that I'm coming up and you are to pull in the slack. Understand?"

"Sure," said Fred.

Everything being ready, Dick placed his jacket on the edge of the rock for the two ropes to rest on to prevent their chaffing on the bare rock, then he dropped the cord down.

"Now, then, let me down over the edge easy," said the nervy amateur carpenter.

He grabbed the knotted rope and swung himself over the edge. He was bothered by no nervous twitching, for he felt confident that he couldn't fall. Down he went, foot by foot, till he had counted off fifteen knots, then he pulled the cord once and Fred held on, with his feet braced against the tree. He looked about the face of the rock for the cross. There was no sign of it on either side of him. He went down still farther without result. After counting off twenty knots he decided that if there was a cross on the rock he was not in the right position to see it.

This was where the value of the obliterated directions in the letter came in. There were bushes sprouting out from the crevices in the rock. These bushes, which looked like mere shrubs from the water level, he found to be of some size up there. He gave the signal to haul away, and began his upward climb. In a short time Fred saw his head appear above the top of the rock, and in another moment he was out of his dangerous situation.

"My, but I'm glad you're safe back!" said Fred.

"Ho! I was all right," grinned Dick.

"How did it feel hanging a hundred feet in the air, with your face against the rock?"

"I didn't think about the feeling. I had enough to do to look for the cross."

"Did you find it?"

"No, I didn't. I'll probably have to make a number of descents before I can locate it, if it is there at all."

"If those two lines in the letter hadn't been rubbed out, you wouldn't be put to all this trouble."

"I suppose not."

"This is a fine morning for the business, isn't it? No wind to interfere with you."

"Fine as silk. Well, I guess I'm rested enough now. I'll go down in a new place, to the left. If it doesn't pan out, I'll try to the right."

Dick made a cross-mark at the spot where he went down, so as to distinguish the place, and then moving the ropes over about six feet, he repeated his descent, examining the face of the rock carefully as he went down. Nothing like a cross met his gaze, and he began to wonder if it had become illegible through the lapse of years.

"Nothing doing," he said, when he rejoined his friend on the top of the rock once more.

"I'm afraid this gold-hunting scheme won't amount to anything, after all," said Fred.

"Oh, I'm not going to give up the ship on account of two failures. If at first you don't succeed, try, try again. When my father was a boy the schoolmaster used to ding that into the boys' heads, telling them the story of the English King Alfred and the spider, which everybody knows, by way of illustration."

"I suppose the oftener you go down the more nervy you get?"

"Of course, I'll grow more accustomed to hanging in midair. If I had a paint-pot with me I'd paint my name on the rock."

"Then your feat would be likely to get into the Stapleton papers."

"If I added the words, 'Carpenter and Cabinet-maker. All work executed with neatness and dispatch. Terms reasonable,' it would advertise me, don't you think?" laughed Dick.

"It certainly would. People would call at your shop if only to see the boy who had the nerve to hang down from the top of Storm Stone Rock and paint such a sign."

Dick marked the last spot with another cross and then moved the ropes over to the right. As soon as he felt equal to undertaking the ordeal again he made his third descent. The result was the same. Still farther to the right he saw a thick clump of bushes growing out of a huge cleft.

"I wonder where the earth comes from that enables those bushes to thrive away up there?" he asked himself.

It seemed to be a mystery, for there was none on top to fall down and land on the ledge or crevice. He decided to go down there next time. Pulling the string three times, he started up and duly reached the top.

"There's a large clump of bushes growing out of the rock over this way," he told his companion. "I'm going down to take a look at the place. I can't make out how they find root room. They might cover the hole I'm in search of. If they do not, I'm blessed if I can see where there is any hole around large enough for a man to crawl into."

"Well, you'd better make it your last venture to-day," said Fred. "Our dinners will be waiting for us by the time we get back to town."

The boys did not dream that a pair of watchful eyes were now observing them from behind the shelter of a huge boulder at the back of the rock. After a ten-minutes' talk, Dick decided to make his fourth and last attempt for the day. He placed the ropes right over the clump of bushes and started down. No sooner had he disappeared down the face of the rock than two men came from behind the boulder. One was Ben the boatswain and the other was Bill Flint. For a week they had been hiding in the neighborhood, subsisting on grub they had brought with them, supplemented with a chicken and eggs they stole at night from a neighboring farmhouse.

They expected Baxter that afternoon with a fresh supply of eatables from town, and as their supply was now fully exhausted they eagerly looked for his coming. They had not seen the boy come to the rock two hours before, with the ropes, or there would have been something doing right away. They made their way to the top of the rock with no expectation of finding the lads there, and great was their surprise when they saw them and the basiness they were up to. The sailor determined to bring matters to a focus between him and Dick, and everything seemed propitious for that object. They watched till they saw the boy go over the edge of the rock.

"Now we've got him," said the boatswain to his pal. "He'll give up the letter or take the consequences."

They rushed forward and seized the staggered Fred.

"Hold on to him," said the boatswain. "I'll attend to the other chap."

He drew his knife and stretched himself at full length on the ground. Shoving his ugly head over the edge of the rock, he saw Dick swinging just over the clump of bushes.

"Now, you young sculpin, I've got you where I want you!" he roared down.

Dick looked up and beheld the rascally features of the sailor glaring down at him. He realized that he was in a critical position.

CHAPTER X.—Dick's Curious Escape.

"I say, you young sculpin, I've got you!" grinned the sailor maliciously. "You escaped me last week, but I reckon you can't repeat the trick now. Have you got that letter around your clothes now?"

"No, I haven't."

"You haven't? And you're lookin' for the box of gold, you swab!"

"I admit it; but as the directions in the letter are rubbed out, as I told you, it isn't of any use to me, so I'm looking for the gold without it."

"Tell that to the marines. You can't tell me you are riskin' your life without knowin' what you're about. Tell me all you know about the box of gold or I'll let you down with a run."

"I don't know anything about it yet, no more than you do yourself."

"Don't you lie to me, you young monkey. Out with the truth, or I'll cut the ropes with this here knife."

He flashed his knife as he spoke, and the perspiration started out on the boy's forehead.

"I'd tell you if I knew," protested Dick, "but I don't."

"I say you do. Ain't you got all your preparations in shape for gettin' the money?"

"I'm just hunting for the hole, but I don't believe there's any. This is the fourth time I've been down trying to find it. I'm going to give it up. If you want to try your luck I'll leave the ropes with you," said Dick, willing to make any concession to escape from the sailor's clutches.

"And while I'm tryin' my luck you'll go to town and set the police on me. You can't pull the wool over me. I'm too old a fish to be caught by such bait."

The sailor seized the knotted rope and began to jerk it. Dick's weight prevented his efforts from having much effect. Then he grabbed the other rope and called on his pal to release it from the tree. Getting on his feet, he walked away a dozen feet and lay down again. Then he hauled on the rope, pulling the boy toward him. Presently he let it slide through his hands, and Dick swung back and past his perpendicular position.

In this way he soon had the boy swinging to and fro, like a pendulum, a kind of amusement that afforded him a lot of satisfaction, for he believed he had Dick frightened to death. Whether he did or not, the boy's position was not an enviable one. As long as the knotted rope held

above, Dick was in no danger of falling. During one of these swings which carried him beyond the clump of bushes, the boy saw what they issued from a good-sized hole. Realizing that he was at the mercy of the rascal, who was bent on tormenting him, as a cat worries a mouse, and not sure but the sailor in the end meant to do him up, Dick suddenly decided on a plan of action.

As he swung back and forth, with an occasional pull from the sailor, he began to unknot the rope the sailor held from under his arm pins. After a couple of swings the boatswain, giving it a jerk, pulled it entirely away from the boy. The moment he was free from it, Dick slipped down the knotted rope and the back swing carried him crashing through the bushes. When he came back he caught at them with one hand. Their tenacity was great, and he ceased to swing farther.

The sailor, finding his fun suddenly spoiled, pulled up the rope and then saw the boy at rest, holding on to the bushes. He got up and started back to the knotted rope, the only thing which now stood between Dick and a horrible fall. The moment the boy saw him draw in his head he realized that he was going back to the main rope, so he hastily parted the bushes and stepped into the hole. The hole went some distance into the rock, and its sides were rough. Dick braced his feet in such a way that if the two men tried to pull him clear of the place he was in they would be unable to do so.

"Where are you, you young sculpin?" roared the sailor, grabbing the knotted rope and pulling on it.

As Dick was pulling down on it, he couldn't get a fair grip. Finding the boy did not answer his repeated hails, he told Bill Flint to release the rope from the tree, but to hold on to it. The loosening of the rope enabled the sailor to get a hold on it.

"Climb up, you monkey, or I'll let the rope down and then you'll be in a nice pickle!" he shouted.

Dick paid no attention to his request.

"Slack up!" called the sailor to his pal.

As fast as the rope slackened Dick pulled it in. Then the boatswain altered his tactics. He joined his friend Bill and both began hauling on the rope. The strain came on Dick's arms and he was obliged to let the rope out. Finally all the slack was out and the strain came on his body. But for the fact that his feet were well braced, he would have been drawn out of the hole. He was beginning to think that he'd have to cut the rope when he felt the strain yield. Then the whole of the rope went flying out into space. As it fell against the rock below him, Dick realized that he was marooned in a hole about ninety feet above the sea.

"My, how am I ever going to get back to the top!" he cried, in some dismay. "Oh, Fred will see that I'm rescued, so I need not worry. A rope will be let down from above and I'll tie the end of the knotted rope to it. I'll be hauled up and secured to the tree, as before, and then I can climb up, but as that won't happen for an hour or so at the best, I'll look around this hole and see if it's the one I was looking for. It would be great if I found the box of gold after all."

He hauled in the knotted rope and coiled it up at the entrance to the hole. Then he released the double loop around his waist. Turning around, he struck a match. As the light flared up he saw that he was in a sort of small cave. The floor was rough and uneven, but was not difficult to walk upon.

"This must be the hole referred to in the letter," he said, as he inspected it by matchlight; "but I don't see any sign of a box."

At the back of the place was a sort of tunnel leading downward. Dick ventured into it and then followed its course, lighting a fresh match as soon as the previous one expired. The tunnel seemed endless to Dick, but as it had no offshoots to mix him up, he knew he could retrace his way back to the cave above.

"I must be down to the level of the sea by this time," he thought. "I wonder how far it goes? This is something that nobody in the neighborhood knows anything about, for I never heard any one speak about it."

Dick was curious to see where the tunnel went, and so he kept on. It came to an end presently. He saw a light ahead of him. Walking toward it, the tunnel ended in a low-ceiled marine cave, with a sloping floor of sand. It was half full of sea water, and the light came dimly through the opening above the water. The sand above the water-line was wet all the way up to where the tunnel ended, which showed that the cave was entirely flooded at high tide. The tide was now going out, and it was quite possible that most of the water would be out at low tide.

"Why, I might be able to make my escape this way by swimming!" thought Dick.

He decided to wait there and see how low the water receded. He picked up a bit of wood that had floated in and marked the water-line, then he walked around, looking the place over. The walls were cut in all kinds of fantastic shapes by the action of the water which, in rough weather, dashed about the watery cavern. All around the foot of these walls was a huge mass of seaweed, intermingled with broken bits of wreckage. This foison had been accumulating for years, and in some places was many feet high. There were shells everywhere. They were imbedded in the sand, and they were mixed with the seaweed.

Many of those in sight were quite pretty, and Dick pocketed a number of them to carry home. After inspecting the place thoroughly, Dick noticed that the water-line had receded a couple of inches below the stick. The opening through which the water entered had grown a little wider and larger. The cave was also a trifle lighter than when he entered it. He could see nothing through the arched opening but a wall of rock covered in spots by damp-green seaweed. The water came around it from the ocean outside. The light, which was merely reflected from one angle of rock to another, of course, came from the outside.

"It looks to me as if this cave was connected with the Atlantic by a short tunnel of some size," said Dick to himself.

This proved to be a fact, as the boy afterward learned. The entrance to this tunnel was only visible by degrees when the tide was going down. At low tide it was more than half uncovered, but it could not be seen from the sea, owing to an

Intervening ledge of rock, which formed a kind of strait through which the water flowed. When the sun shone brightly down on the ledge, as it did at that hour, the light was reflected as from a burnished piece of metal, into the tunnel and there reflected into the marine cavern in a way that would ordinarily seem impossible. Dick stood at the entrance of the narrow passage which had brought him down from the cave above and watched the tide go out.

He was rather pleased than otherwise with his morning's adventure, though he had failed to find any trace of the box of gold. If a box of gold had ever been in the cave above, it had been carried away by some one in the course of the time which had intervened since the letter was written. His thoughts also recurred to his friend Fred, who had clearly been surprised by the sailor and probably some of that rascal's friends. As those individuals had nothing against Fred, it did not strike Dick that any harm would happen to his friend.

"They will probably hold on to him for a while to prevent him from bringing the police to the rock before they are ready to clear out themselves for their hiding place in the neighborhood, wherever that is," said Dick to himself.

Two hours passed before the boy realized that one had flown, and by that time the tide was pretty low in the cave. The arched mouth was almost fully exposed and Dick, taking off his shoes and stockings and rolling up his trousers, walked right down into it. He turned into the big tunnel, expecting to see the ocean and the distant sky; his view was cut off by the ledge we have referred to. As he started through the tunnel he felt the water deepen. He returned to the cave, disrobed and made another start. Had there been any great sea on the outside he never could have walked through the tunnel even at low tide, as the action of the water would have taken him off his feet; but the ocean was almost as calm as a mill pond, and the water in the tunnel was equally unruffled.

The water came up to his armpits by the time he reached the mouth. He swam the narrow strait to the ledge, with the blue sky above his head. Climbing the ledge, he gazed upon the broad ocean. Looking upward, he saw that he was not under Storm Stone Rock, as he supposed he was, but a little to the east of it. The sandy beach under the cliffs that lay to the east of the bay was but an easy swim away, and he knew there were many places where he could ascend to the land above and make his way to the village. After surveying the situation, he returned to the marine cave, made a bundle of his apparel, retumed to the mouth of the tunnel, holding his clothes above the water so they would not get wet. He found he could pick his way over the rocks to the beach, a feat not possible at high tide, and in a short time he stepped on the sandy shore, a hundred yards from the strait, and proceeded to dress himself.

CHAPTER XI.—Tied Up to the Scarred Pine

"I got out of that dangerous scrape a whole lot easier than I expected, and I've learned a few things I didn't know before about Storm Stone

Rock, and which, I dare say, nobody else knows. I could write quite a story for the paper, and I'll bet it would be printed. I doubt if any one but me has gone down the face of the rock in a mighty long time, maybe not since the writer of the old letter did it and lost his life through carelessness. Fred probably thinks that Ben the boatswain sent me to my death when he chucked the knotted rope over the edge of the rock, or if he knows from what the sailor said that I had secured foothold in a hole, he figures that I'm in a pretty bad fix," thought Dick, as he began looking for a place to climb the cliffs.

He found a rude path made by nature and after some trouble reached the top, a climb of fifty feet or so. He started for the rock, intending to go up there and see if the rascals were still there with his friend a prisoner. Twenty minutes later he reached the summit of the rock. At first he thought no one was there, and was on the point of leaving when he saw something odd about the scarred pine. Walking closer to it, he discovered Fred bound as tight as a drum to it, with a dozen turns of the rope that the sailor had pulled up when Dick released it from his body. He was facing the ocean and didn't see Dick when he approached from behind. Dick chuckled as he looked at the back of his friend's head.

"He doesn't dream I am so close to him," he said. "I'll give him a little bit of a sensation."

Stepping closer to the tree, he shouted:

"Hello, Fred! Where have you got to?"

Fred would have jumped a foot, but the rope prevented him from doing it.

"Dick! Oh, Dick, is that you?" he cried, recognizing his friend's voice.

Had he been of a superstitious turn of mind, he might have believed he had been hailed by his chum's ghost; that is, if he believed his friend was dead.

"It's nobody else, old man," said Dick, showing himself. "I see you are tried up to that tree as if you were tied to a stake to be burned alive by the Indians. I needn't ask who is responsible for it. It was Ben the boatswain."

"He and his pal Bill," said Fred, as Dick began the task of freeing him. "I am awfully glad to see you again. How in creation did you escape from the bushes on the face of the cliff? Bill said he guessed you'd stay there some time—maybe till he got ready to go down there himself and see if you'd struck the spot where the box of gold is."

"I got out all right, as you see by my appearance here."

"But how did you? It seems like a miracle."

"No miracle about it at all! As I couldn't climb up the face of the rock without a knotted rope, I went the other way."

"What! Down?"

"Yes, but not on the outside. That's a drop of ninety feet or so, and a chap needs a parachute to attempt it, with a boat below to catch him and keep his feet from getting wet. There you are, free of the rope. I'll pull it up and carry it home, for I won't need it any more for going down the rock."

"I want to know how you made your escape."

"Of course you do, and you shall know. I found the hole which I believe is referred to in the old letter, and it leads into a back cave, but

BOUGHT AT AUCTION

I can tell you right now that there is no box of gold, or anything else, not even a toothpick in it."

"That's too bad."

"Yes, it's rather disappointing after the risks I took, but it can't be helped. If it ever was there, it's been carried off by somebody more fortunate in the money-finding line than myself."

"Go on about your escape."

"While looking around the cave, I discovered an exit at the back in the shape of a tunnel-like passage that goes down to the water-line with a gentle slope."

"You did?"

"Yes. I followed it and came out in a kind of marine cavern where I'd be still only the tide was going out. I waited till it was low down and then found my way out to the shore through a watery tunnel and over the rocks. I reached the beach a short distance to the east of this rock, climbed the cliffs, and here I am."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Fred.

"Yes, it was something out of the usual. I doubt if anybody knows that there is such a passage in the rock, or a watery cavern away under the cliffs. How long were you tied to that tree?" said Dick, as they were making their way down by the usual route.

"More than two hours."

"I suppose the sailor and his pal went away after tying you up?"

"Shortly afterward."

"Did they say they would return later and let you go?"

"They did not."

"I suppose they meant to, for they've nothing against you."

"They tied me here so I wouldn't rush back to town and tell what they had done to you and bring help to rescue you from the place you were in."

"I guess so."

"Do you know, I'd like to see that marine cavern and the passage."

"We'll go there together next week in a boat when the tide is low. We can't stay very long if we want to get out before the tide comes in much, otherwise we'd have to remain over a full tide."

"We can come prepared for that. If it's in the morning, we can bring our lunch."

"That puts me in mind of dinner. Our folks are no doubt wondering where we have gone, we've been away so long. We'll be late for dinner, but I guess it will be kept for us. Mine always is, I know."

The boys hurried back to town and separated at Dick's gate.

"Where have you been so long?" asked Daisy Dutton, when Dick walked in.

"Over at Storm Stone Rock," replied Dick.

"What took you there?"

"On a little bit of business connected with that old letter."

"You're hunting for something," guessed the girl.

"You're not a mile out of the way."

"What are you looking for?"

"I don't mind telling you now since I failed to find it. Fred and I went to the rock to see if we could get a line on a box of gold that the letter

indicated was hidden in a hole in the side of the rock, facing the sea."

"A box of gold!" exclaimed Daisy, opening her eyes.

"Yes. It was worth looking for, don't you think?"

"Did the letter say the gold was hidden about Storm Stone Rock?"

"Yes—eighty years ago."

"Eighty years ago! And you expected to find it now? How silly!"

"Not so silly as you think. It was hidden in a spot that was mighty hard to get at."

"Did you find the spot?"

"I think I did. The box of gold wasn't there, however."

"I suppose you were disappointed?" smiled his sister.

"Somewhat; but my expectations were not very high in the first place, for it hardly seemed probable that the gold would still be there. It was natural to expect that the man to whom the letter was written would have secured the treasure if he possibly could do so."

"Of course. I should think so."

"Well, I am now of the opinion that he did get it."

"Who was he?"

"That I couldn't tell you. There were no envelopes used in those days. Letters were simply folded up in convenient form and were secured by sealing wax. The name and address was then written on one side, after which they were consigned to the mail and carried to their destination in that shape. The letter in question did not go through the mail, but was sent by the writer to his friend by a messenger. That fact may be assumed, as both of them lived within a short distance of each other—say, a mile or two—in this neighborhood. The name of the person to whom the letter was sent is now too indistinct to make out, and there does not seem to have been any address on the letter, which shows it was sent by a messenger who knew where to deliver it."

"The letter must be quite a curiosity. I should like to see it."

"You shall. But I must eat my dinner, for I'm mighty hungry."

After Dick had finished his meal he showed the letter to his sister. She read it as well as she could, but found it a hard job.

"Judging from this letter, it would seem that the box of gold was in a very dangerous spot," said Daisy.

"It is a dangerous feat to reach the hole the way the writer did," said Dick. "He went down the face of the rock, which is over 125 feet high."

"My gracious! But, of course, you wouldn't think of attempting such a thing as that. You'd be crazy."

"Do I look crazy?"

"Of course not."

"Well, I made four trips this morning down the rock from the top, with Fred as a sort of safety agent to steady me."

"You didn't!" gasped the girl.

"Ask Fred. He'll tell you I did."

"Why, Dick. I can't believe you took such an awful risk! Have you told mother?"

"No. Why should I? The thing has been done

and is over with. I'm not going to do it again. I have discovered an easier way of reaching that hole, which I guess is known only to myself."

"You used a rope to go down the rock, of course?" said his sister.

"Two ropes," and Dick explained the method he had used. "You see, with Fred in control of one of the ropes, and both attached to me, I couldn't very well fall."

Dick said nothing about the sailors' unexpected appearance on the scene with his pal, and what the rascal had done to him, for it would only have distressed his sister to no purpose. After putting the letter away, he left the house to call on Fred, for the two boys had agreed to go together to the station house and report the presence of Ben the boatswain and Bill Flint in the neighborhood of Storm Stone Rock, and what they had experienced at the hands of the rascal that day.

CHAPTER XII.—In the Heart of Storm Stone Rock.

During the following week Dick worked on the summer house in the garden of the French property, and he had it completed and painted by Saturday. Then he took Fred's mother out to look at it. She declared that it looked every bit as good as the plan represented it, and that she was very much pleased with it.

"I want some shelves put up in the cellar, and some repairs made in the house. I guess you can do the work as good as any carpenter," she said.

"Yes, I guess I can. At any rate, if I don't do the work to your perfect satisfaction, you needn't pay for it," replied Dick.

As Fred was very curious to see the inside of Storm Stone Rock—that is, the tunnel-like passage that ran up through it to the cave, ninety feet above the water-line—Dick agreed that they would go there Sunday about the time the tide was going out.

"We ought to have a boat to take us from the beach at the foot of the cliffs in through the watery tunnel," said Dick.

"We could hire a sailboat down at Dexter Wharf and sail down the harbor and around up the shore to the ledge," said Fred.

"I know we could, but that's a long way around and if there isn't much wind it would take us quite a while. Besides, a sailboat wouldn't go into the tunnel on account of its mast."

"Tom Joyce has a small sailboat with a movable mast. We could easily take it out of its case, forward, and lay it, sail and all, lengthwise of the boat, then it would be just like a rowboat."

"That would suit, first rate. As you know Joyce well, you'd better borrow it for our use Sunday."

"Will the tide be out at the same time as it was last Sunday?"

"No; the tide varies. Last Sunday it was high tide in the morning, about eight o'clock. We reached the rock around nine, and it was practically high then, though it was going out. It was low tide about two in the afternoon, when I made my escape from the marine cavern. The almanac

shows that it will be high tide at half-past one in the afternoon to-morrow, which means that the conditions will be completely reversed, as it will be low tide about half-past seven in the morning."

"Then we'll have to make an early start," said Fred.

"We ought to start in the boat not later than six o'clock, for it will take us all of an hour to sail around to the rock unless the wind is quite fresh. The fresher the wind, the rougher the water will be, and the rougher the water the more unpleasant it will be to enter the watery tunnel and land in the cavern. The conditions were ideal last Sunday morning for me to get out without a boat. I couldn't have done it had the water been at all rough."

"We can't tell now how things will be in the morning."

"As it's a fine night, we may reasonably look for a clear day. If you think you can wake up at half-past five and get around here at six, we'll go; otherwise, it isn't worth while."

"Oh, I'll be on the job, don't you worry. I've got an alarm clock. I'll set it to go off at half-past five when I get home."

"See that you get up when it goes off. Lots of times people set alarm clocks to awaken them early, and when the clock goes off they hate to turn out of their beds, particularly on a Sunday morning."

"I'll turn out and be knocking on your back door at six."

"Very well. Then we'll consider the matter as settled."

Dick went downstairs at five next morning and made a small pot of coffee, as he didn't believe in going on such an expedition on an empty stomach. The coffee was ready, together with a spread of bread and butter and two fried eggs, when Fred appeared at ten minutes of six.

"I see you're on time, old man," said Dick.

"Ten minutes before time, you mean," replied Fred.

"So much the better. Sit up and have some food. We'll need a lining in our stomachs for the trip we're about to take."

"Good!" said Fred, who already felt hungry.

He had brought a bundle of lunch along, a part of which he had intended to save for breakfast, which he expected to eat on the boat. Dick had his lunch in a basket, ready to take along. Breakfast was hastily eaten, and leaving the house as they were, the boys started for Tom Joyce's house down by the bay to get the small sailboat which Tom had told Fred he might use that day. It didn't take them long to get at it. There was quite a breeze, and the boat made good headway.

The water was merely ruffled by the breeze, and the sun was more than an hour higher, but shut off as yet in the bay by the cliffs. They made the run to the ledge in less than an hour and found the tide out. As soon as they ran into the little strait Dick unstrapped the mast, after lowering the sail, and they easily paddled into the watery tunnel.

"How far does this go?" asked Fred.

"Only as far as you can see. When we round the corner, the entrance to the marine cavern will be before us. It is dark in there now because the sun is now high enough in the sky to throw

its light on the ledge. The sun was high in the heavens at the time I came on the place, consequently it was quite light in there. It will be as dark as night in the cavern, but I anticipated that. I've brought the lantern to light us in there, and to light our way up through the passage."

"How did you manage without a light?"

"I had a bunch of matches in my pocket and they furnished fair illumination."

Dick, while speaking, lighted the lantern, and when they rounded the inner rock they saw the arched opening before them, like a great black blot. The water was so low that the boat grounded at the entrance, so the boys took off their shoes and stockings and got out. Dick tied the boat's painter securely to a piece of rock, so she would not float away and leave them in the lurch. Taking their lunches and the lantern, they waded into the cavern. After resuming their footgear, Dick flashed the lantern around so that Fred could see the piles of seaweed and other flotsam. The place rather astonished Fred.

"We're right under the cliffs, aren't we?"

"Sure we are; a short distance from the rock. See that dark spot yonder?"

"Yes."

"That's the entrance to the passage that runs up into Storm Stone Rock. The grade is easy, but the distance is considerable for a tunnel of its kind."

"I wonder what made it?"

"Nature, of course."

"I know, but how came Nature to make it?"

"I'll never tell you. It's a mystery. Come on. We'll go up."

Dick led the way and Fred followed. There was nothing to see but uneven walls of rock. The lantern gave Dick a better view of it than he had had before. The path was fairly smooth, a few hours' walk. I over it for a long time. If water had ever passed that way, it was thousands of years since when the conditions of that part of the earth were different from what they were then, or had been for a mighty long time.

"It's quite a walk," remarked Fred, as he saw no end to the tunnel. "Are you sure you're going the right way?"

"There's only one way to go, as there appears to be no offshoots, so we can't miss our way. It seems longer to us than it really is," said Dick.

"It feels funny to know you are walking through the heart of the cliffs."

"What do you care as long as the roof doesn't tumble in on us?"

"There's no danger of that, I guess."

"It's a safe bet there isn't."

"I wouldn't care to be here in the event of an earthquake."

"We don't have earthquakes in this part of the country."

"For which we should be truly grateful. Judging from what I've read about them, and the pictures I've seen, they must be something fierce."

"Here we are at the cave in the big rock," said Dick.

They entered the place, which would have been fairly well lighted at that hour of the day but for the thick bunch of bushes that blocked the

hole looking out on the ocean. Dick, after flashing the lantern above the cave and showing Fred that it was bare of everything, put it down and parted the bushes at the hole. The morning sun shone in at an angle.

"A fine airy window, this," said Fred.

"It is, in a gale of wind."

"The bushes are rooted inside the hole where the dirt is. The seeds from which they sprouted have been blown in here, and have been watered by the rain."

"So this is where the box of gold originally was?"

"I don't know of any other place."

"And it isn't here now."

"If you can see it your eyes are sharper than mine."

"It's too bad. We could carry it down through the passage to our boat without much trouble, unless it was too heavy, of course, in which case we could make two or three trips."

"I'll have to make my fortune as a carpenter or cabinet-maker, as I always expected to."

"That dream of yours about the number fifteen isn't panning out after all."

"It may. It doesn't follow that my fifteen-dollar bid is the lucky fifteen referred to by my dream."

"But it followed so closely on your dream that it ought to be."

"The cabinet may give me some lucky idea that will make my fortune yet."

"But why should you find that old letter in the cabinet, pointing the way to a box of gold if it didn't mean something?"

"Oh, it doesn't follow because you find an ancient letter in an old-time piece of furniture that there is any significance in it."

"I was sure you were going to find the box of money."

"Then for once in your life you've got left."

Dick took up the lantern, leaving Fred at the hole, and walked around the cave, bestowing a closer inspection on the walls than he had been able to do by match-light. Suddenly he saw a break in the rocks. There was a hole there he had not seen before. He held the lantern so that the rays would penetrate it. There was something in it. He dropped on his knees and shoved the lantern forward. His heart gave a great bound as he saw it was a brass-bound box.

"It's the box of gold!" he ejaculated, in a vibrant whisper.

At that moment Fred rushed over to the spot.

"Dick! Dick!" he said, in great excitement.

"Here I am. See what—"

"We must run."

"Run! What do you mean?"

"Ben, the boatswain, is coming—"

"Coming!"

"Down a rope on the outside. He's nearly at the hole. We haven't a moment to lose."

This was indeed startling news for Dick—and just at the moment when he had found the box of gold.

CHAPTER XIII.—Conclusion.

"That rascal coming, and just when I've found the gold," said Dick.

"The gold!" echoed Fred.

"Yes, look there—in that hole."

Fred looked and saw the brass-bound box.

"Its very appearance suggested that it held something of value."

"Gee!"

That one word spoke volumes.

"What are you going to do?" he added.

"Come with me," and Dick fairly dragged his companion over to the entrance of the passage. "Did you bring your revolver?"

"No. I didn't think—"

"Of course you didn't, but I did, and brought mine. The rascal shan't have the box if I have to shoot him," said Dick resolutely.

At that moment there was a rustling at the bush-covered hole.

"Here, take the lantern and cover it with your jacket," said Dick.

Fred did so, and darkness shrouded them. The bushes parted and the sun's light shone on a pair of legs, then on a bulky body and lastly on the wicked features of the sailor. He squatted in the hole and peered inside. Then he let go of the rope and, squirming in, stood up. The bushes sprang together again, but the boys could dimly make out the fellow's shadow at the hole. Then they heard the scratch of a match. A streak of light followed, flashing into a bluish gleam. The sailor held up the match and looked around. He stepped forward and began an investigation of the place. When the first match expired he lit a second, and then a third. The inspection was no more encouraging to him than it had been to Dick on his first visit to the cave. The boys heard him mutter occasionally, and something like an oath finally escaped his lips. Luck at last directed him to the hole where the box was hidden. He flung a match into it and uttered an exclamation of satisfaction. He reached in, seized the box by its handle, and the boys heard him drag it out.

"He's got it!" whispered Fred, in a dismayed voice.

Dick said nothing, but his fingers tightened on the butt of his revolver. The boatswain struck another match and looked at the box, which he had drawn entirely out of the hole.

"It's full of gold," he muttered, "and it's all mine—mine. I promised to go halves with Bill, but what's a promise? Nothing. He mustn't know I've found it. I'll go back and tell him there's nothin' in the cave, and then, to-night, I'll steal off when he's a-sleep, come down alone, break the box open and carry the gold to the top of the rock by degrees and hide it somewhere. Then Bill never know nothin' about it, and in a day or two I'll fill the grub-bag full of it and make off by myself, and Bill can whistle for me. When I've spent it I'll come back for more. By that time the police will have forgotten all about me, and I can come and go as I please. And to think that boy was in here a week ahead of me, had full swing of the place and never found the box. You must have been born lucky, Ben," he chuckled, "else this wouldn't have crossed your mind, you old sheil-back."

The sailor started for the hole. At that moment a tickling sensation wrung an involuntary sneeze from Fred. The sailor stopped short.

"What was that?" he exclaimed.

Dick gripped his chum by the arm.

"You've spoiled everything," he said.

The sailor stood listening. A deep silence rested on the place.

"I'll swear I heard something," said the rascal.

He struck a match and held it up. Then it was he noticed the hole leading into the passage.

"There's another hole," he muttered. "Maybe somebody is hiding there," he added suspiciously. "I must find out."

The boys could not withdraw along the stone passage without making a noise, and that was sure to give them away. Realizing that matters had reached a crisis, Dick seized the lantern with his left hand and suddenly flashed it in the boatswain's face. The rascal started back with an exclamation of surprise and consternation.

"Who are you?" he hissed.

In another moment he had drawn a wicked-looking knife.

"Drop that knife, or I'll drop you!" said Dick.

"Ha! It is you, you young sculpin!" he cried.

"Yes, it's me. Now get out of here."

"I'll have your life!" shouted the sailor.

He made a spring at the boy. There came a flash and a report, and the boatswain staggered back and fell. Not a move or a sound came from him after that.

"You've killed him," said Fred, in an awed whisper.

"He would have killed me," said Dick, flashing the lantern on the inert man. "You are a witness to the fact that he came at me with his knife."

"Yes, I saw him spring at you."

Dick knelt beside the prostrate sailor and saw that his shirt was dyed with blood. He was not dead, however, and the boy could not tell whether he was fatally wounded or not. Then he threw the light on the brass-bound box.

"We must get it away from here and down to the boat," he said. "Grab hold of one of the handles."

They lifted it between them and found it was as much as they could carry.

"Can't we drag it down the passage?" said Fred.

"Yes, if we had a piece of rope."

Then he thought of the rope outside, down which the boatswain had come.

"Hold the light, Fred," he said.

He picked up the sailor's lantern and started over to the hole. Parting the bushes, he saw the rope hanging down a dozen feet below. Looking upward, he saw where the rope went over the top of the rock. Bill Flint was not in sight. He was somewhere up there, of course. Dick drew the slack end of the rope into the hole and cut off about ten feet of it.

"This will do to drag the box with," he said to his chum.

The rope was attached to one of the handles, and passing it over their shoulders the boys started down the inclined way, dragging the box after them. The weight of the box obliged them to go slow, and they made frequent stops to rest.

Seemingly, it took them a long time to make the trip, but at last they reached the marine cavern. The light showed that the tide was coming in and was at that moment half flood. Two-thirds of the arched entrance was cut off by the water. The only way they could get out to the boat was by wading through the water and, of course, they couldn't take the box with them.

"We've been away too long, Fred. The tide is half up," said Dick.

"Then we must stay here till it goes down again," replied his chum.

"That won't happen till along toward evening."

"I suppose it can't be helped."

"We can reach the boat yet by taking off our clothes and wading out to her."

"How deep is it out there now?"

"About up to our armpits, perhaps a little deeper."

"But we can't take the box."

"No."

"Then what's the use of trying it?"

"I think you'd better go, sail the boat to the beach under the cliffs, a short distance from the ledge, hurry in to town and tell the police what has happened—how I had to shoot the sailor in self-defense, but don't say anything about the box of gold. I'll go back to the cave and wait there till you return with the police and ropes to haul the wounded man up with. When that is done I'll let them haul me up. About five o'clock we'll walk back to the cliffs, go down to the beach and sail back to the cavern. By that time the tide will be fairly low and we'll be able to get the box. Then we'll sail back to town and carry the box to my house."

"But how can I get my clothes to the boat?"

"You can carry them by holding them over the water, on top of your head."

Fred decided to follow the plan outlined by his friend and quickly got out of his clothes. He had no difficulty in reaching the boat, cast off and paddled her out into daylight. Before going further he put on his garments, shipped the mast and sailed over to the beach, where he dropped the sail and made the boat fast. She would be safe enough there, in that lonesome spot, so Fred left her and hurried to town as fast as he could go. The story he told the policeman at the station-house desk rather staggered that individual. The chief was sent for and came.

As soon as he heard Fred's story he got busy, and in the course of half an hour a wagon containing half a dozen officers, with ropes, and, accompanied by Fred, started for Storm Stone Rock. On reaching the top they found Bill Flint impatiently awaiting the sailor's return. Taken by surprise, he was handcuffed and stood aside under watch. A rope was then lowered down into the bushes. Dick was on the lookout for it, and when it appeared he knew the police had arrived above. Ben, the boatswain, had some time since recovered his senses, and showed by his choice language that he still had lots of life in him.

What he didn't say to Dick while the boy was waiting is hardly worth mentioning. Dick dragged him to the hole, tied the rope securely under his armpits and gave the signal to haul away. The rascal was soon pulled up. The rope was lowered again and Dick followed. He was put under arrest for shooting the sailor, but he expected to be, and was not worried over it. As soon as the wagon got back to town Fred hurried home to fetch his father to bail Dick out, and this was easily accomplished when the magistrate understood the facts of the case. The boys then went home and ate a late dinner. Dick told his mother and sisters all about his day's adventure with Fred.

"I found the box of gold," he said.

"You did!" exclaimed his sister Daisy.

"Yes, and Fred and I are going back after it before dark, when the tide is getting down. We'll hang around till seven o'clock and then the tide will be out and we can get the box into the boat, but it's going to be something of a lift, for it's mighty heavy."

By the time Dick had finished his story Fred came in and found the Dutton family greatly excited over Dick's great luck. At half-past five they started for the cliffs, and reached the boat about six. They sailed over to the strait and stayed there an hour before working their way into the watery tunnel. They found it a difficult job lifting the box into the boat, but in the end succeeded, and then set sail for town. It was half-past nine when they got the box of gold to Dick's house, and Mrs. Dutton and the girls were eagerly awaiting its appearance.

Dick got tools from his shop and soon broke the brass lock. The cover was lifted and the gold was there. All hands proceeded to count it, and it panned out \$30,000. There was no clue to the original owner who, of course, was dead and buried many a year before. Next morning Fred, to whom Dick presented \$5,000 of the money, came around and helped carry the money to the Stapleton Bank, where Dick put it in as a special deposit to his credit, to draw interest. The boys then went to the police court, where Dick gave himself up. He told his story on the stand, called Fred to corroborate him, and the magistrate released him on the ground that the shooting was justifiable.

Bill Flint was next called up and was held for trial. Ben, the boatswain, was in the hospital, but in no danger of dying of his wound, which, however, might have finished a man less robust than he. In the end he and his pal were tried for burglary, convicted and sent to the State prison. And so my story ends, for with the finding of the chest of gold, practically through the old letter Dick found in the cabinet he bought at auction, the bid that won it for him certainly led to riches.

Next week's issue will contain "THE YOUNG COPPER KING; OR, THE BOY WHO WENT THE LIMIT."

POISON OAK.

It is known that the poisonous principle which makes poison ivy so noxious to susceptible persons is toxicodendrol, a substance that is insoluble in water but soluble in ether and alcohol. So active is it, says the Journal of the American Medical Association, that 0.005 milligrams applied to the skin will start painful inflammation.

The poisonous principle of poison oak has just been discovered by Dr. J. B. McNair and called by him lobinol. Inflammation is caused by actual contact with the resinous sap of the plant, but this contact may result through the intermediary of such objects as clothes, shoes, croquet balls or even smoke. And it may be transferred by the finger-nails or hands from one part of the body to another.

CURRENT NEWS

BACHELOR SEA LIONS TO DIE.

Because 100 bachelor sea lions on Anno Nuevo Island, twenty miles north of Santa Cruz, Cala., clutter up the walks around the lighthouse, steal food from the back porch of the lighthouse keeper's cottage and have a sneaking desire to take up their residence in the front parlor, the United States Lighthouse Service will open bids for shooting the obnoxious bachelors.

There are four hundred more sea lions on the island, but as they consist of thoroughly trained husbands with their harems of wives, they have their own social sets and don't bother the lighthouse keeper, said Rhodes. The bachelors' skins are good for leather, their blubber contains good oil and the rest of their carcasses can be sold for fertilizer, he stated.

UNCLE SAM PAYS HIS DEBT TO THE INDIANS.

The exact sum paid to members of the Osage tribe is \$3,397,197.11. That includes the interest of 5 per cent. on the Osages trust fund. Each of the 2,229 Osages on the tribal roll receives in addition to his \$1,500 check the sum of \$47.50 as interest on the money in the trust fund.

Simultaneously nearly \$500,000 is being turned back into the National Treasury by members of the tribe who are filing their income tax reports. The checks average about \$165 for each name on the rolls.

All Osages who possess certificates of competency are being paid the full amount of their payment. Those without certificates of competency are given \$1,000, the balance remaining in trust for them. Minors receive \$500 a quarter. Hundreds of thousands of dollars will be paid on old debts out of accumulated funds. Of the \$3,397,197.11 in this payment probably one-half is withheld for minors and restricted Indians. Other large portions are sent to allottees residing outside of the county, notably in Kansas, Texas and California.

WORRY ENOUGH IN THE WORLD.

There is enough worry in the world already, says Rudyard Kipling, who has seen as deeply and keenly into the faults and foibles of humankind as any author of our generation, and there is no good in our going out of our way to add to it. Here is what "the little colonial, to whose song we all must listen and to whose pipe we all must dance," as Frank Norris described him, says about thrift:

"All the money in the world is no use to a man or his country if he spends it as fast as he makes it. All he has left is his bills and the reputation of being a fool, which he can get much more cheaply in other ways. There is nothing fine or funny in throwing away cash on things you don't want merely because the cash is there. We've all done it in our time, and we've all had to pay for it. The man who says he never worries about money is the man who has to worry about it most in the long run, and goodness knows there's enough worry in the world already with-

out our going out of our way to add to it. Any fool can waste, any fool can muddle; but it takes something of a man to save, and the more he saves the more of a man does it make of him. Waste and extravagance unsettle a man's mind for every crisis; thrift, which means some form of self-restraint and continence, steadies it."

It is not enough to believe what Kipling says is true. It is necessary to practice thrift and saving as well as believe in it. The easiest way to practice it is to buy Government Savings Securities regularly.

—BUY W. S. S.—

DANCE FLOORS ON SPRINGS.

Dance floors can be quite interesting from a constructional point of view. The best ones are not, as is popularly supposed by the non-dancing public, parquet floors. Parquet, though beautiful in appearance, and possessing a certain merit in the fact that its criss-cross construction prevents it from becoming too slippery, must of necessity be laid on a comparatively solid foundation. The best floors are carried on springs.

The problem of the ideal suspension of ballroom floors has occupied the minds of inventors and engineers for many years, and innumerable ingenious devices have been tested with varying success.

Some of the earlier designs consisted of floors suspended by iron chains. By this means a certain amount of "give" was obtained, but the movement allowed was necessarily almost entirely in a lateral instead of a vertical plane.

Another scheme was to support the floor on light joists, which bent to some extent when sufficient weight was imposed upon them. In order to prevent the springing from being confined to the middle of the floor, wedge-shaped pieces were cut out of the ends of the joists, and some elasticity was obtained round the sides.

With such a method as this the chief difficulty would seem to be that of striking a happy mean between very strong joists and complete rigidity and very weak joists and the possibility of the floor "sinking with all hands" in the middle of an unusually animated one-step!

The modern spring floor has reached a stage of very high efficiency.

At the Empress Rooms, in London, for instance, the floor is constructed of narrow oak planks laid on a framework of strong but supple joists. These are supported on spiral steel springs 45 in number, which are anchored to the concrete foundation some 18 inches below the dance floor.

A floor of this type is so delicately sprung that though when a dance is in progress the movement beneath one's feet is never too pronounced, yet a single person when the floor is empty, can make it "gives" perceptibly merely by rocking up and down on his heels.

Such floors as these are, of course, delightful to dance on and cause far less fatigue to the dancers than does the solidly laid parquet.

A Lawyer At Nineteen

—OR—

FIGHTING AGAINST A FRAUD

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

In a little while Eddie Blakesley arrived, dressed in a much more worn suit than Lew had on, and carrying the furnace with the saldering iron in it with one hand and a pair of bellows and a bag of charcoal with the other.

Eddie had smutted up his face pretty well, and Lew now proceeded to do the same, and when they issued from the house they were a pretty disreputable-looking pair.

They lit their charcoal fire and then walked at a fast pace to the corner of the street in which Mrs. French lived. Then Lew began to shout in as heavy a voice as he could assume:

"Tinware to mend!"

A woman came out from a house two doors from Mrs. French's and called to him.

"How much to mend this kettle?" she asked, holding it up to view.

"Tell yer in a minute, mum," said Lew, coming forward and taking it from her hand. He looked it over carefully, remembered what his mother had paid for similar jobs, and promptly said:

"Fifteen cents."

"I'll give you ten."

"All right, mum," said Lew, "can't afford to throw away money when times is hard, you know."

Eddie used the bellows on the fire, thrust the irons in deep and handed over the solder and rosin to Lew. The latter drew out a clay pipe, filled and lit it, and then squatted down on the ground and began his work, puffing away in true tinker style.

While Lew was doing his work, and making a good job of it, too, Eddie did not fail to shout out the tinkering cry several times, and before the young lawyer was through with his task the door of Mrs. French's house opened and she came out. She took one look at the dirty-faced tinker and his equally dirty assistant and called out:

"When you're through over there come to the kitchen door. I've got some work for you to do."

"All right, mum," called back Lew, rubbing his grubby hand over his nose and spitting out without removing the pipe from his mouth. "See you in a very few minutes, mum."

The scheme was working.

In a few minutes Lew had finished his job and was paid for it, and then he and Eddie crossed to the rear of Mrs. French's house and stood at the back door looking into the kitchen. She was alone in the room, but through the open doorway Lew could see a man smoking a pipe, and he rec-

ognized him as one of the two who had been playing cards when the raid took place.

"Come in," said Mrs. French. "I've got a lot of stuff to be mended, and I can't bring it all out. Here it is on the tubs."

She pointed to a lot of kettle and pans resting on the stationary washtubs, and Lew walked into the kitchen pulling clouds from his clay pipe. With apparent care he examined the various articles, turning them over and over.

"How much for the lot?" asked Mrs. French.

Lew thoughtfully rubbed some smut over his nose.

"Do it for a dollar," he said.

"That's too much. Give you seventy-five cents."

Eddie blew up the charcoal once more with the bellows and Lew seized a dishpan and squatted down on the floor.

The woman walked into the front room and began to converse with the man who was smoking there. Their voices were low, but Lew's hearing was very sharp and he caught broken parts of sentences:

"As I was saying, the boss takes a big—"

"Oh, he's taken that risk before, and besides—"

"Might be an overdose, and then—"

"Well, of course, it's taking chances, but—"

"Don't like her breathing, and if she pigg'd out—"

"She's breathing better than she was two hours—"

"Well, I don't like this part of the business, and the boss—"

Then their voices sank so low that Lew could only get a confused murmur, with here and there an occasional word, but he had heard enough to convince him that the conversation was about Madge, and that her condition was such as to cause at least one of the speakers alarm.

While working away, with Eddie at his side, the young lawyer spoke quietly to the office boy in a whisper, while the hum of the conversation in the front room assured him that what he said would not be heard.

A plan of action was quickly arranged.

Holding the dishpan that he had been working on in one hand and the hot soldering iron in the other, Lew got up from the floor and walked into the other room, saying:

"I don't think this pan is worth spending any money on, and if you take my advice about the—"

And before he had time to say more Eddie, true to his instructions, threw his arms around the woman and held her in a firm grip, while she, taken wholly by surprise, was too much astonished to utter a sound.

The man who was sitting there smoking leaped to his feet, but Lew was upon him with a great leap. The heavy soldering iron hummed through the air, caught the rascal, and down he went, senseless, to the floor.

Lew knew that the man wouldn't trouble him for a long time, and that he would not be in fighting trim when he came back to life, so he at once turned his attention to the woman, who was just recovering from her complete astonishment and was opening her mouth, probably to cry out.

(To be continued.)

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

AIR ROUTE OVER DESERT.

Regions that would have to wait many years before they could be traversed by railways are now quickly mastered by aerial transport. News comes from the Air Ministry that a new air route has been opened up across the desert between Palestine and Mesopotamia. Notification has been received of the arrival at Bagdad of three airplanes of the Royal Air Force which have flown over this route.

The new route is about 580 miles long. It is an extension of the present Cairo-Ramleh route. It starts from Ramleh, where is the main Royal Air Force aerodrome in Palestine, passes through Amman (east of the Jordan) and Kasr Azrak, where landing grounds have been prepared, and proceeds thence in an almost straight line across the Arabian desert to Ramadie, on the Euphrates, and thence to Bagdad.

The distance between the principal stations are as follows: Ramleh to Amman, 65 miles; Amman to Kasr Azrak, 55 miles; Kasr Azrak to Ramadie, 400 miles; Ramadie to Bagdad, 60 miles.

ALCOHOL FOR GASOLINE.

In Pernambuco, Brazil, they have found a new use for alcohol. They drive their automobiles with it instead of gasline. There are two reasons for this substitution. The first is the high cost of gasoline, which is selling in Pernambuco for \$1.25 a gallon, and the second is that alcohol down there is a byproduct of the sugar cane industry and is very plentiful.

These facts are reported by our consul at Pernambuco, C. H. Cameron. He relates that planters who use the alcohol made on their plantations for automobile fuel have found that pure alcohol from 41 to 42 degrees answers the requirements of automobile motors, with a slight alteration in the carburetor. Users of this fuel say it is satisfactory and the amount consumed is practically the same as the amount of gasoline required for the same work.

As the combustion is more complete, very little carbonized matter is deposited in the combustion chamber, the spark plugs are clean and the valves (if any) are subject to

Experience has demonstrated that the addition of five per cent. of gasoline or kerosene will prevent this rusting, and will, moreover, have a lubricating effect on the cylinder. It is believed that this five percent. mixture will form the standard type of alcohol motor fuel.

THE WHIPPING POST FAILS.

An effort to establish the whipping post in Maryland as part of the punitive system for men convicted of crimes and misdemeanors is vigorously opposed by the warden of the Maryland State Penitentiary, who has had ample opportunity to observe the effects of different punishments. The warden believes the indeterminate sentence is the answer to the question of protection for

society against the habitual criminal, a view that is supported probably by the majority of all who have given it thought.

There are men who can be influenced only by the lash, he admits, but they are so few that the situation would remain practically unchanged. A man seldom if ever thinks of punishment when committing a crime, according to the warden, and possible fear of a lashing would not change that.

Depriving the criminal of his liberty is the worst punishment he can receive, is the conclusion of the warden. He says there isn't a man in the Maryland penitentiary who is not almost crazily anxious to get out. The law allows the penitentiary warden to whip prisoners as a measure of discipline, yet he finds that the worst offenders are brought under control easier and better and quicker by simply depriving them of the liberty they are permitted in the prison. This he considers another reason for preferring the indeterminate sentence to the whipping post. The worst punishment is that which the prisoner fears, most, and that he believes to be loss of freedom.

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The Accusing Hand.

By COL. RALPH FENTON.

I had been very busy all the spring and early summer, and thought myself entitled to the leave of absence I asked for in August.

The chief laughed when I proffered my request for a vacation.

"Why, ten to one you don't spend the time in building up your health and strength. You'll get mixed up into something, I'll bet my life."

"Nonsense," I replied. "Well, I can go?"

"Yes. I am glad, Clark, to have it in my power to grant you leave of absence, and show you how much I appreciate you."

I bowed my acknowledgment, and having arranged the dates and terms of my vacation thanked him and went home to prepare for my trip.

Where to go? This was the question I now addressed to myself.

At first I decided not to stop short of two hundred miles from New York. Then, however, arose another consideration—I was going for a quiet, pleasurable time, and must be with or near friends. The result was that I packed up and went to visit an old friend of mine just back of the village of Tarrytown, on the Hudson River, and only twenty-five miles from New York.

I received a most cordial welcome, and for the first week had a quiet yet most enjoyable time.

However, this was destined to have an ending.

The chief's words were to be come prophetic.

"Clark," exclaimed my host, "something awful has happened!"

"What is it?"

"Old Squire Redmond has been murdered in his bed!"

"When did it happen?"

"They say it must have been done last evening."

"How far away is the Redmond place?"

"Half a mile. Will you go over, Clark?"

"Yes; come on."

We reached the place in a very few minutes. I was not known to be a detective, and my questions were freely replied to. I soon learned all that was known.

Old Squire Redmond had long been ailing, and the previous morning had been informed by the doctor that he could not live more than a day or two longer.

"In that case it is about time I made my will," he said.

"Yes," replied the doctor.

Redmond's lawyer lived in New York, and it was late in the afternoon before he reached the house.

He then drew up a will, by the terms of which Sadie Redmond, a niece who lived with him, became the sole heir to Redmond's wealth.

"How about Arthur?" asked the lawyer. "Being the only relative you have in the world, do you not wish to do something for him?"

"No; I have learned from truthful sources he has become very fast; that he has chosen very bad men for companions, and I do not feel like

leaving the wealth accumulated by honest industry to one who will squander it on people more vicious than himself."

The lawyer left the room, sending Sadie in to her uncle. Several hours passed. None visited the sick room, and all was quiet there.

It became dark. The doctor had not yet arrived.

He came between nine and ten.

He had been delayed, he said. A man had broken his leg, and he had been compelled to set it before coming.

"We may as well finish the job of his will," said the lawyer, and he, the doctor, and the housekeeper entered the squire's room.

All was quiet as the grave, and the room was dark.

"Sadie!" But no reply came to the housekeeper's low call. "She must have fallen asleep," said the woman, as she lighted a lamp.

Both doctor and lawyer uttered a cry of surprise as the darkness was dispelled. The doctor sprang to the bedside.

"He is dead," he said, the instant he touched the cold hand. "He has been dead an hour or more."

"Where is his niece?" asked the lawyer.

Sadie was nowhere to be found.

Meanwhile the doctor had examined the corpse more closely, and he quite startled the lawyer by declaring that Redmond had been choked to death.

High and low they hunted for Sadie, but she could not be found.

There on the table lay the unsigned will.

An hour passed, and then the lawyer sent away a telegraphic dispatch to Arthur Brooks, New York.

Back came the reply in due season:

"I will be up on the midnight train.

"ARTHUR BROOKS."

This was the state of affairs when I arrived at the Redmond place the next morning about half-past nine.

Arthur Brooks, the intended-to-be disinherited nephew, was in full charge of the place.

The doctor had gone home, but the lawyer still remained.

Who could have done the horrid deed? The niece, Sadie?

I took the lawyer aside and questioned him.

"Sadie? Pooh! Why, man, she's scarce more than a child," said the lawyer. "But, sir, who are you?"

When I told him he was surprised. "You must keep my identity a secret," I said.

"I shall do so. Now, sir, tell me frankly, what do you think of this?"

"You know of none who was so much Redmond's enemy as to wish to choke out his last few hours of breath?"

"No," he reluctantly admitted.

"Now as regards this nephew—what of him?"

"He could not have done it," was the prompt and convinced reply. "Less than an hour after the discovery of Redmond's death I telegraphed him at New York and received a reply in due season. Had he done it he could have never got back to the city in time to answer my dispatch."

He showed me the answering dispatch of Arthur Brooks.

I was staggered, I must admit, for my suspicious ran to him rather than to Sadie. I learned that the squire had no other known relations, and that there was no one else who could possibly be interested in his death.

"I am positive that it will transpire that his ~~money~~ was at the bottom of it," I said, in conclusion. "As the old gentleman's lawyer, can you tell me anything of the intended disposition of his property?"

This direct question put me in possession of the reason for the lawyer's visit, and I learned that it was intended that Arthur Brooks should be disinherited.

"There is your motive!" I exclaimed. "By the old man's death before the signing of the will, this man Brooks comes in for a share of the property."

"But the telegram," persisted the lawyer; "how can you explain it?"

I could not explain it, and kept my mouth shut.

Some people from the neighboring farms were before the house, and at my request they separated and began a search for the young girl.

We searched the house again, and went out on the grounds and toward a little stream at the bottom of the well-kept lawn.

A shout suddenly came to our ears, and both of us started, Brooks in a guilty manner, I thought. I saw him glance at me, and then he started forward by my side, as if overcoming a desire to hang back.

Clutching a tree for support was a farmer, one hand extended and pointing toward the water. A dozen or more had already collected about him and were gazing into the stream, pale-faced and horrified.

At first I could see nothing, but presently my gaze became riveted on a human hand protruding from the water. A human hand, so soft and white that I knew it to be a female's, and tightly clasped about the stem of a water-lily.

An old farmer handed his hat to the lawyer. He must be uncovered when he touched the dead. Then he kneeled down on the edge of the stream and bared his arms.

The farmer plunged his hand deep into the water and took hold of the girl's arm. I am not a believer in the supernatural, and am fully persuaded that what followed was owing to natural causes, such as his pressing a particular set of muscles, but certain it is that as he began to raise the body the hand relaxed its grip of the lily, and the forefinger was accusingly directed straight at Arthur Brooks.

The water parted, and there was no longer any doubt; it was the corpse of Sadie.

Carefully did I look, but could discover no marks of violence.

Nevertheless, I was positive that her death had not been accidental.

I studied the circumstances as a professor of mathematics might an algebraic question. Granting that the murder had taken place about the hour when darkness settled—eight o'clock—he could have reached the city in time to send the telegram.

I started for New York. At the depot I found a cabman who had driven a man from that train to the very house where Arthur lived.

They reached there just as a messenger boy arrived with a telegram. The man had said it was for him, had taken and read it, and jumping into the cab again, been driven to a telegraph office.

The next train carried me back to Tarrytown.

I went direct to the Redmond place.

My stern face must have betrayed my purpose to Brooks, for at sight of me he started, and I saw his hand glide toward his hip pocket.

"Arthur Brooks, you are my prisoner," I said, as I sprang at him.

The hand I had seen stealing to his hip pocket now came flashing before him, clutching a revolver.

Crack!

I had tried to spring aside, and had so far succeeded that his bullet, though it plowed the scalp of my skull, did not enter my brain.

I sprang fiercely upon him, and tried to wrench his revolver from his hand. I might have drawn my own and shot him dead, but I wanted to save for hanging the man who had murdered sweet, pretty Sadie.

Surprised, Brooks unconsciously gave me an opportunity to arise, which I at once availed myself of, and with the lawyer's assistance, we soon had the prisoner securely bound.

"I told you so!" laughed the chief, when I showed up with my head all bandaged.

Through the papers he had learned all about the affair and the part I had played in it.

I attended the trial of Brooks.

He denied his guilt, but needless to say was convicted and sentenced to death.

A few days before the day of execution he confessed it all.

He had heard of his uncle's sickness and determined to visit him. He arrived unseen and had crossed the lawn to the low French windows of his uncle's room. Squire Redmond had fallen asleep and Sadie had gone out into the grounds. A light was burning, and seeing the unsigned will, he read it.

If his uncle died before it was signed he would be wealthy. Otherwise he would be a beggar. Prompted by an awful feeling he strangled his uncle, turned out the light and left the room. Desiring to leave the place unseen, he had gone to the usually deserted path beside the stream.

A voice asking, "Who is it?" started him into making an exclamation, and Sadie, recognizing his voice, called him by name.

That was enough. Let her live to tell of her meeting with him and he was doomed. Desperate, reckless, he committed a second murder to conceal the first.

I saw him hanged on the day appointed. To the last he remained firm in the belief which had forced itself on him that his capture was the work of Heaven and not of man. He thought his capture was due to that accusing hand, which, though stiffened in death, could point him out. But I knew better, for I suspected him before that incident occurred.

Fame and Fortune Weekly

NEW YORK, AUGUST 19, 1921.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

AN ELEVATOR FOR BATHERS.

Atlantic City's newest hotel has a special elevator running to every floor for the convenience of bathers who can reach the beach by means of a tunnel under the board walk. They can come up dripping to their rooms without destroying the fine clothes of the neighboring guests.

VACUUM CLEANER ROUTS BUG ARMY.

When the commuter appeared in his front yard with the longest nozzle, meant for the picture moldings, attached to his vacuum cleaner, the neighbors were surprised, but his explanation was sound; he stated that he did not intend to vacuum clean the leaves, but there had been bugs on the trees for days, which were too slender and young to stand the weight of a ladder against the trunk and he did not have a spraying outfit. So he picked the bugs off the top branches with the vacuum cleaner.

NEW DATE FOR GOLD PIONEER.

On the statue of James W. Marshall, the pioneer who discovered gold in California in 1848, at Colma, near Placerville, Cal., there was placed recently a marble inset bearing a new date for the discovery. The inscription on the statue originally gave the date as January 19, 1848. The new date is January 24, 1848.

The change was made when a special commission authorized by the State Legislature investigated and found Marshall made his discovery five days later than originally believed.

REMODELING OF FIELD SHOES.

Arrangements are being made by the Salvage Branch of the Quartermaster Corps to remodel 150,000 pairs of field shoes with and without hob-nails for subsequent issue for garrison use. The iron rim heels and hob-nails will be removed, the uppers dyed to a standard color, and the soles lightened by removing one layer of leather. This work will be accomplished through the salvage facilities at the various base salvage plants. It is estimated that the cost of remodeling each pair of shoes will approximate \$1.50 as a maximum.

BULGARIA WILL TAX SHORT SKIRT WEARERS.

The peasants are now firmly established in power in Bulgaria, and legislative bodies, both State and provincial, in which their representatives are in the majority, are engaged in transferring the burden of taxation to the shoulders of the despised city folks.

The District Council of Rostchouk has evolved the following taxes, which it styles "American":

Carrying a parasol, 50 levas yearly (nominally worth 19 cents each); skirts more than 11 inches above the ground or wearing silk stockings, 500 levas; wearing gloves between April 15 and September 15 without a doctor's certificate, 200 levas; wearing jewelry, 300 levas; keeping pet dogs, 500 levas; use of walking canes by persons under 50 years of age in good health, 100 levas; wearing shoes with tops exceeding 11 inches in height, 200 levas; fur tippets or muffs, 500 levas, and using baby carriages in cities, 200 levas.

LAUGHS

Tommy—Papa, what do men mean by circumstances over which they have no control? Tommy's Papa—Wives, my son.

Inpecunious Nobleman—Sir, I understand you have a peerless daughter? Old Moneybags—Yes, and you might as well understand first as last that she is going to stay peerless, as far as you fortune-hunters are concerned.

Jones—Yes, sir; that boy of mine is a wonderful piano-player. Why, he can play with his toes. Brown—How old is he? Jones—Fifteen. Brown—I've got a boy at home who can play with his toes, and he is only one year old.

Minister—So you go to school, do you, Bobby? Bobby—Yes, sir. Minister—Let me hear you spell bread. Bobby B-e-a-d. Minister Webster spells it with an a. Bobby—Yes, sir; but you didn't ask me how Webster spells it. You asked me how I spell it.

"Things will be changed when the women vote." "Yes, I suppose they will. Probably they will insist on having rugs on the floors of all the polling places." "I wasn't thinking of that. They will probably want to add postscripts to their ballots after they get them marked."

"Waiter," said the traveler, in an Erie Railroad restaurant, "did you say I had twenty minutes to wait or that it was twenty minutes to eight?" "Nayther. Oi said ye had twenty minutes to ate, an' that's all ye did have. Yer train's just gone."

Abby, the littlest girl of the family, was seated at the breakfast table one morning. As usual, eggs were served. Either she was not hungry or she had grown tired of eggs, for she said of fare, for very curiosity and curiosity's sake, remarked: "I do wish I could eat something besides eggs."

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

FLIES IN NEW YORK.

Owing to the fact that refuse must now be covered and that few other places are left to breed, the common housefly is becoming rather infrequent in the more settled part of New York but not in the outskirts. Many of the high-class apartments no longer provide fly screens. Asphalt, concrete, and the covered garbage pail have done wonders in mitigating the evils of this pest.

A CLASSIC HOAXER PASSES AWAY.

Louis de Rougemont certainly gave Ananias, Manhattan, Dr. Swift and Sindbad the sailor an awful run. He has just died in a London pauper infirmary. It is extraordinary that a man of such wonderful imagination should have died in poverty. Even his real name was appropriate for his wholly untruthful career for it was Henry Louis Grin. Twenty-five or thirty years ago de Rougemont astonished the world by a series of yarns about savages and cannibals which made Defoe's masterpiece look tame. He claimed to have married a cannibal wife. His writings were accepted for a time and he even addressed the British Association on the habits of the Australian aborigines, but at last he was unmasked by an English newspaper and it was proved that he was working for a Swiss banker while he was astonishing the natives as a cannibal king.

THEY DIG FISH IN FLORIDA.

Izaak Walton scarcely would believe his eyes if he were to walk through the country near New Smyrna, Fla., and encounter negroes digging live fish from the ground as if they were potatoes, and even persons accustomed to the miracles of this age would look twice and then set out in search of an oculist. A certain variety of mud fish found in nearly all parts of the State is responsible for this.

This queer member of the finny tribe inhabits streams or pools which have mud banks or bottoms, is black and weighs up to five or six pounds. When the water in a pool evaporates, as it does in certain seasons of the year, leaving only a mass of mud which on the surface is practically dry, it doesn't worry the fish. They merely burrow into the mud to wait for the rain and apparently continue to live as long as the earth is wet. The negroes locate them by exploring the mud with their bare feet.

The fish is edible, but is not a favorite because of its stringy and coarse flesh.

TO FISH FOR HURRICANES.

Uncle Sam is going fishing for hurricanes with a seine stretching across the Gulf of Mexico and extending away down into the Caribbean.

This became known when E. H. Bowie, supervising forecaster, and E. B. Calvert, head of the forecast division of the Weather Bureau, outlined plans for spreading an observation net along the entire southern coast of the country. Through this net, according to the experts, it

will be impossible for even the most agile tropical storm to twist without its every movement being flashed to the Weather Bureau.

Masters of oil tankers in the Galveston-Tampico trade, as well as the captains of about 100 other vessels plying the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean, according to Messrs. Bowie and Calvert, now are being coached in the art of making accurate observations. These the mariners will immediately flash to the nearest Weather Bureau station. In addition, during the hurricane season, according to the plans, two emergency land observers will be stationed on the Gulf, one between Galveston and Corpus Christi and the other at Morgan City, Louisiana.

This storm net once spread, according to the experts, it will be impossible for storms to sweep around the Caribbean and become lost in the expanse of water north of the Yucatan Channel.

GHOST PLAYS JAZZ AND HYMNS.

Since the death of George F. Bosher, wealthy real estate operator, June 18, his late home, at 390 Manchester avenue, Manchester, N. H., occupied by three women, has nightly been visited by a ghost, and the women in desperation have asked the police for protection.

The human occupants of the house are Mrs. Mabel Morrill, Mrs. Abe Allen and Miss Frances Stewart, the latter a granddaughter of Bosher.

This far the ghost—which Miss Stewart feels sure is that of her grandfather—has thumped on walls and doors, stalked through the bedrooms, his eyes shining; tossed and broken plates, drinkingglasses and chairs, and started the phonograph playing two tunes at a time, according to the story told the police.

Mrs. Allen fainted twice, and she declares that Miss Stewart has swooned fourteen times, since the ghost first appeared.

"Mr. Bosher was buried Monday, and since then he has given neither his granddaughter nor myself, nor any one living in the house, any peace," said Mrs. Allen. "The first night the ghost merely mixed things upon the dressing table. He knocked our white ivory clock to the floor, and it was broken into five pieces.

"We found the clock away at the farther end of the bedroom. Then the phonograph started, right out of the darkness.

"And such tunes as that phonograph played, without a record or winding! It played a combination of Gospel hymns and jazz. And then, in a room where the darkness was thick enough to cut with a knife, a ghostly face would peer at us, and eyes of brimstone would leer at us. We are going to move.

"When a chair starts dancing on its left rear leg, why, that's the limit.

"Frances Stewart did not get along well with her rich grandfather, but the old gentleman's getting even with her now he's gone. I fainted twice, but poor Frances has fainted fourteen times by count. So to-day she went out to get some sleep somewhere else."

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

PARIS TO WARSAW.

Beginning April 2d an aerial post was put into operation between Paris and Warsaw. The airplanes start every Tuesday and Saturday at 8 A. M. Letters, post cards, periodicals, newspapers, commercial papers, samples of goods, ordinary and registered, may be sent by this post. The charge for letters from Warsaw is 30 marks to Prague, 60 marks to Strasburg, and 105 marks to Paris for the first 20 grams. These letters or parcels are received at the main post-office from 8 A. M. to 8 P. M., and on the day of departure at 6 A. M.

THE GRAPHITE INDUSTRY.

In the island of Ceylon graphite is found in greater abundance than in any similar sized area in the world. The soil and rocks of Ceylon are almost everywhere impregnated with graphite, so that it may be seen covering the surface in the drains after a rain. The supply is practically inexhaustible. The peculiarity of Ceylon graphite is its remarkable purity. Another source of graphite is Chosen, the graphite found there being classified as scaly, fibrous, foliated and earthy, the first two classifications containing over 90 per cent. carbon. In China, graphite is found in several localities.

A NEW FISH.

An angler, armed with every luxury in the way of bait and fishing gear, sat on the bank for hours without getting a bite. Seated near him was a small lad with a branch cut from a neighboring wood. At the end of this improvised rod were a bit of string, a bent pin and half a worm. First one perch was landed by this youthful angler and then another. Pleased with his success, he started for home and on his way met the vicar. "Those are two fine perch, my lad," said the clergyman. "No, sir; they're not perch," said the boy. "But they are," said the vicar. "No, sir; I'm sure they're not, for when I caught the second fish the man next to me on the bank said, 'Well, that's the limit!'"

STEAM PRESSURE COOKERS IN ECUADOR

A correspondent writes us that the Jivaru Indians have a steam "pressure cooker" all their own. An earthenware jug or pot, small at the bottom, bellying out at the middle to about 15 inches, and then into a narrow neck, ends in a lipped mouth. A grid or false bottom of split bamboo is built about three inches from the bottom of the pot, the space between is filled with water; the food—meats or vegetables or both—is placed on this grid and the top of the pot is covered with several large palm leaves, criss-crossed and tied down with vines. The pot is then placed upon the fire, and the food is thoroughly cooked in a very short time. This "latest" method has probably been used by the Jivaru Indians for centuries, and our correspondent says that he has enjoyed many a monkey and parrot cooked by this method.

AIRPLANE IN TIGHT FIX.

When his engine suddenly stopped 15,000 feet in the air above remote Crater Lake, Ore., Raymond G. Fisher, Forest Service pilot, was forced to land on a tiny island in the lake, which is in the pit of an extinct volcano with walls 1,000 feet high surrounding it, forestry officials announced.

The plane was not damaged in the descent, but Fisher, upon examination, found four of the spark plugs of the engine broken. Using the wireless set with which the machine was equipped, he succeeded in getting in touch with another Forest Service plane.

This second flier hastened to Medford, Ore., and obtained new spark plugs for Fisher's plane. Arriving back at the lake, however, the rescue pilot found it impossible for another plane to land on the island, or apparently to get the plugs to Fisher. Other Forest Service planes came up and sets of spark plugs were sent to earth by means of parachutes.

Hunting with a torch at night, Fisher found one of the parachutes, repaired his machine, and "took-off" from the island, reaching the Forest Service airplane base at Medford safely.

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"The biggest rattle-snake I ever saw I caught up here by Palaka. He was 10 feet 11 inches long, weighed 38 pounds, and had 56 rattles. I had him in a pit there in the yard for a long time. A heavy rain came and filled the pit up with water, and he drowned. I made a vest out of his skin." Thus said Si Foman, who makes a business of catching rattle-snakes.

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HOUSE
LIGHTED BY
FLOW
FROM FAUCET

Prof. Colardeau, head of the physics department in a French university, lights his house with electricity made by the flow of water from an ordinary faucet. Describing his method to the Academie des Sciences in Paris recently, he said that if the water had its source 236. feet higher than the faucet a flow of one quart per second would furnish one-horse power.

Prof. Colardeau mounted a water turbine on the faucet, geared this to a dynamo which sent its electric current into a storage battery. From this he obtained enough current to light a 500-candle-power lamp and several lamps that vary between ten and twenty candle-power.

It is not necessary that the faucet flow all the time. The ordinary use of a kitchen faucet is enough, for the turbine may be installed in such a way that the water can be used after passing through it, and each time the faucet is turned on the turbine sets the dynamo going and the storage battery accumulates the electricity for use as needed.

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People living in the Near East have long been familiar with the mental petrification due to the terrible experience through which these children have passed, most of them having forgotten everything of their past, their names, their homes and their language included, but this is the first instance that has been recorded of the effect of fear on their hearts.

The cure which Dr. Elliott is practising with these children is a combination of mental and medical. First of all they are made to realize that they are entirely out of danger and among friends. Then they are put on a special diet of nourishing foods and certain exercises are prescribed. The results so far have been very successful.

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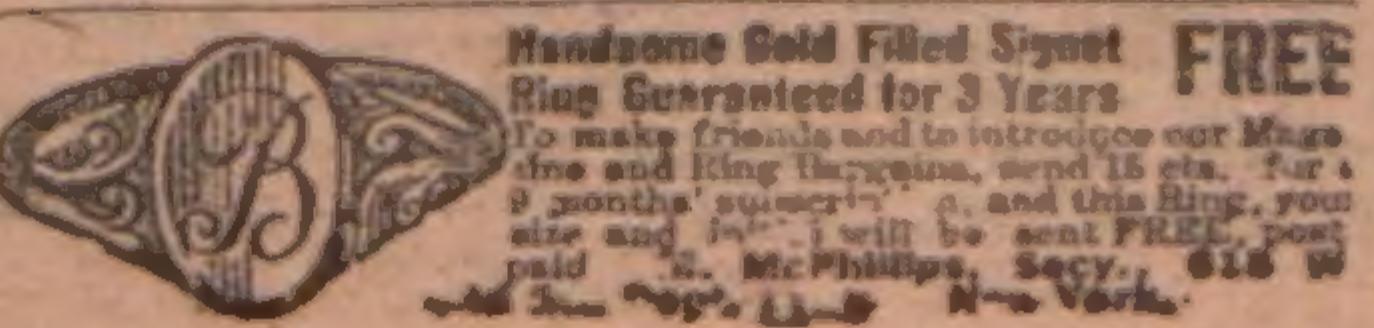
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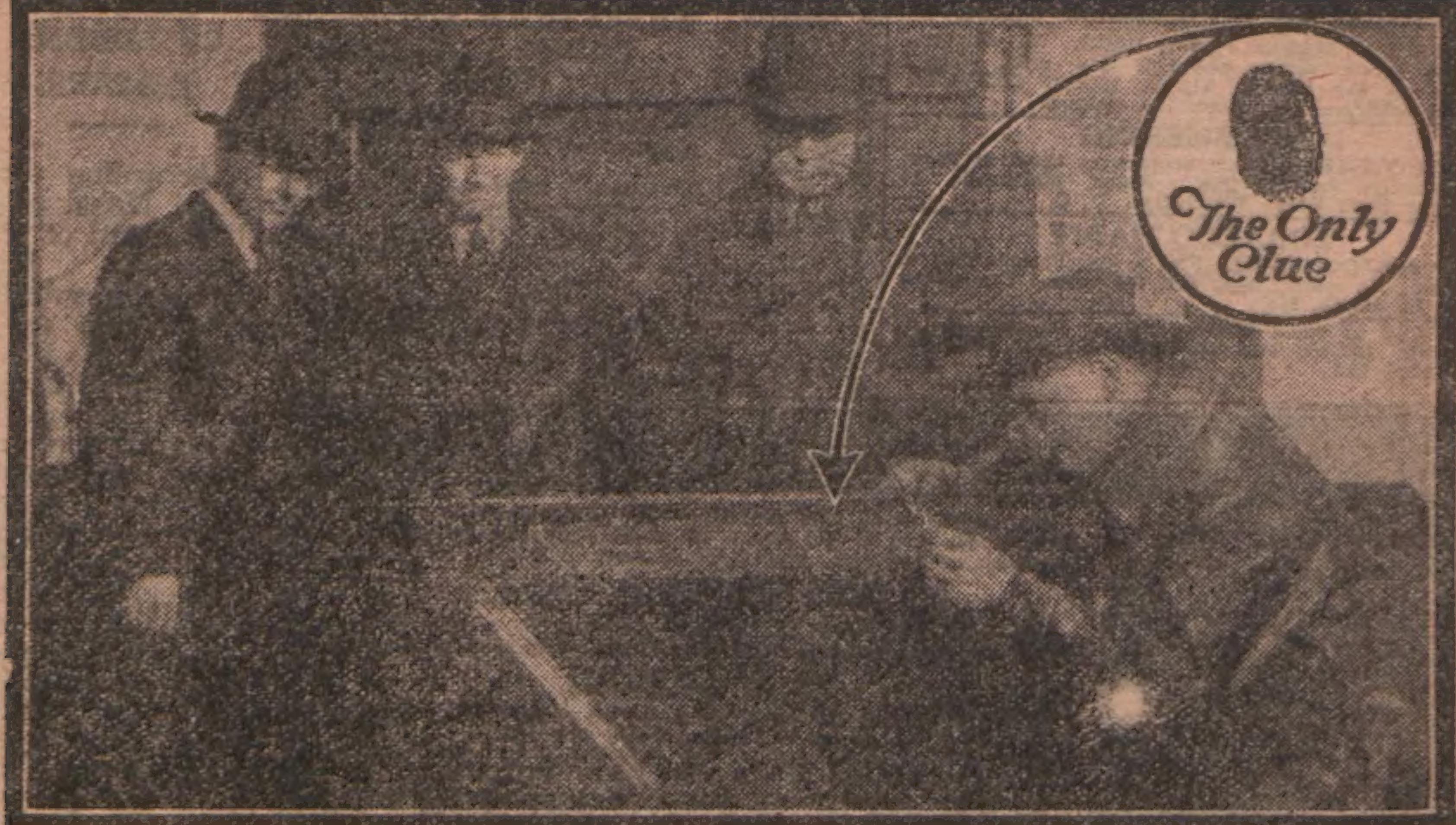
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WARREN BIGELOW, the Finger Print Detective, was making his usual review in the morning newspapers. He had just finished reading the press reports of the daring robbery of the offices of the T-O Company when the telephone on his desk rang. Central Office was calling, asking him to come immediately to the scene of the robbery.

Although he drove his high powered roadster rapidly and arrived very shortly at his destination, he had plenty of time to consider the main features of the case as reported by the press. The job had undoubtedly been done by skilled cracksmen and robbers of uncommon nerve. Sixty-five hundred dollars in currency—the company pay-roll—were gone. Not a single, apparent clew had been found by the police.

Finger Print Expert Solves Mystery

On his arrival, Bigelow was greeted by Nick Austin, Chief of Detectives, who had gone over the ground thoroughly.

"Hello, Warren. Here's a job that has us stumped. I hope you can unravel it for us."

By this time, the district officers and the operatives from Central Office had almost given up the investigation. After hours of fruitless efforts, their work was at a standstill. They were completely baffled.

With lively interest and a feeling of relief they stepped back to await the results of the Finger Print Detective's findings. They were plainly awed at his quiet, assured manner. The adroit old Chief himself was manifestly impressed at the quick, sure way in which Bigelow made his investigation.

Almost immediately Bigelow turned his attention to a heavy table which had been tipped up on its side. Examination of the glossy mahogany showed an excellent set of finger prints. The thief might just as well have left his calling card.

To make a long story short his prints were photographed and taken to Central Office, where they were matched with those of "Big Joe" Moran, a safe blower well known to the police. Moran was subsequently caught and convicted on Bigelow's testimony and finger-print proof. Most of the money was recovered. In the meantime the T-O Company had offered a \$500.00 reward, which was given to Bigelow—his pay for two hours' work.

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